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ART. I. *A History of England. By the Rev. John Lingard. Vol. IV. containing the Reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Vol. V. containing the Reigns of Mary and Elizabeth.* 4to. 3*l.* 10*s.* Mawman. 1820, 1823.

IN our review of Mr. Lingard's earlier volumes, we bestowed ample commendation upon the good points in his history, and passed no severe censure upon its numerous faults. The diligence with which he unravelled many obscure passages of antiquity, and the spirit with which he painted the manners of our forefathers entitled him to an attentive hearing; while the partiality which disfigured every page was not calculated to do much mischief. In spite of the softened colours in which he painted the corruptions of popery, they were, by his own most unwilling confession, gross and inexcusable. No one could read even his account of the middle ages, without feeling that the Popes had been enemies to the Gospel, enemies to the whole of modern Europe, and especially to the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of Great Britain. Mr. Lingard concealed the extent of their interference and usurpations, but was compelled to admit enough for their conviction. He depreciated the writers who spoke most clearly against his Church, but authority which he could not question sufficed to establish its guilt. And as long as so much open guilt remained, we feared little or no injury from the veil by which a part was screened.

This must be our apology for having passed over the three first volumes of Mr. Lingard's History of England, in a much slighter manner than they deserved. In the fourth and fifth volumes the author assumes a new character: from an insinuating apologist for the Church of Rome, he is converted into a bold enemy of the Reformation. And as soon as he has entered upon offensive warfare, his real character as an historian becomes distinctly visible. He might be allowed to denounce Matthew Paris without exciting any lively interest respecting the merits of a "querulous monk." He was permitted even to misrepresent and calumniate Wi-

cliffe, and his conduct was still considered unimportant; but when presuming upon impunity, and hardened by habit, he ventures to denounce the fathers of the Church of England, he must expect some enquiry into the justice of his accusations and some expression of the feeling which their truth or falsehood will excite.

We are happy to hear that the laboured attack upon Archbishop Cranmer is about to call forth a vindication of his fame from the pen of the accurate Dr. Todd. This circumstance might alone induce us to pass rapidly over the reigns of Henry and Edward. But when coupled with a recollection of the length to which an examination of both the volumes would lead, it determines us to dismiss the former with a few observations, and direct our own and the reader's principal attention to the latter.

As an introduction, however, to what we have to say on the history of the sister queens, we must take a hasty glance at the reigns of their father and brother. The style in which Mr. Lingard describes the origin of the Reformation forms an admirable prelude to his account of its establishment. Every individual who encouraged it is condemned;—every individual who opposed it is eulogised, acquitted, or excused: the scandalous chronicles of all countries are ransacked, and their contents deposited in Mr. Lingard's conservatory. Anne Boleyn is described as the most shameless of her sex, seduced by Henry long before their marriage, and guilty in all probability of every crime which her savage husband laid to her charge. Catharine Howard, respecting whose early misconduct no doubt can be entertained, is represented as strictly virtuous after her union with the king; and Mr. Lingard "fears that she was sacrificed" by Cranmer "to the manes of Anne Boleyn." We are treated, in a note, with some particulars of the early familiarity between Seymour, the Lord Admiral and the young princess Elizabeth, which prove the gross manners of the age in which they occurred, and nothing more. And in order to shew that the author is not particularly inveterate against the ladies, Cranmer, Cromwell, Latimer and Barnes, are treated with as little ceremony as Queen Anne or Queen Elizabeth.

Take as a specimen, and it is a favourable one to Mr. Lingard, the following account of Cranmer and Gardiner.

"During these transactions the court of Henry was divided by the secret intrigues of the two religious parties, which continued to cherish an implacable hatred against each other. The men of the old learning naturally looked upon Cranmer as their most steady and most dangerous enemy: and, though he was careful

not to commit any open transgression of the law, yet the encouragement which he gave to the new preachers, and the clandestine correspondence which he maintained with the German reformers, would have proved his ruin, had he not found a friend and advocate in his sovereign. Henry still retained a grateful recollection of his former services, and felt no apprehension of resistance or treason from a man, who on all occasions, whatever were his real opinions or wishes, had moulded his conscience in conformity to the royal will. When the prebendaries of Canterbury lodged an information against him, the king issued a commission to examine, not the accused but the accusers; of whom some were imprisoned; all were compelled to ask pardon of the archbishop. In the House of Commons Sir John Gostwick, representative for Bedfordshire, had the boldness to accuse him of heresy: but the king sent a message to the 'varlet,' that if he did not immediately acknowledge his fault, he should be made an example for the instruction of his fellows. On another occasion Henry had consented to the committal of the archbishop; but afterwards he revoked his permission, telling the council that Cranmer was as faithful a man towards him as ever was prelate in the realm, and one to whom he was many ways beholden: or, as another version has it, that he was the only man, who had loved his sovereign so well, as never to have opposed the royal pleasure. In like manner Gardiner, from his acknowledged abilities and his credit with the king, was to the men of the new learning a constant object of apprehension and jealousy. To ruin him in the royal estimation, it was pretended that he had communicated with the papal agents through the imperial ministers: and that, while he pretended to be zealously attached to the interests of the king, he had in reality made his peace with the pontiff. But it was in vain that the accusation was repeatedly urged, and that Gardiner's secretary was even tried, convicted and executed, on a charge of having denied the supremacy: the caution of the bishop bade defiance to the wiles and the malice of his enemies. Aware of the danger which threatened him, he stood constantly on his guard; and though he might prompt the zeal, and second the efforts of those who wished well to the ancient faith, he made it a rule never to originate any religious measure, nor to give his opinion on religious subjects, without the express command of his sovereign. Then he was accustomed to speak his mind with boldness: but though he might sometimes offend the pride, still he preserved the esteem, of Henry, who, unmoved by the suggestions of his adversaries, continued to employ him in affairs of state, and to consult him on questions of religion. As often indeed as he was absent in embassies to foreign courts, Cranmer improved the favourable moment to urge the king to a further reformation. He was heard with attention, he was even twice desired to form the necessary plan, to subjoin his reasons, and to submit them to the royal consideration: still, however, Henry paused to receive the opinion of Gardiner; and, swayed by his

advice, rejected or suspended the execution of the measures proposed by the metropolitan." Vol. IV. p. 341.

Comparing this passage with the generality of the narrative, it may be considered as impartial; for it admits that Gardiner's *caution* preserved him from the malice of his enemies, and it is difficult to believe that if such caution was laudable at Winchester, it might not be excused at Lambeth. But the contrast is drawn in a spirit of habitual unfairness: Cranmer is not entitled to much praise on the score of firmness and resolution, but he ran thrice as many risques as Gardiner: he contradicted the king openly in the face of the parliament, argued against him stoutly day after day, and session after session, and on the whole, had the pleasure of witnessing the slow but certain progress of the Reformation. On the other hand, we are assured by Mr. Lingard himself that Gardiner never gave his opinion unasked; we know that he conformed to all the innovations of his master, and he certainly could not excuse himself by saying that he was gradually advancing towards his object; yet Mr. Lingard dismisses Gardiner without a single word of reprehension, while Cranmer "moulds his conscience to the royal will," and "loves his sovereign so well as never to have opposed his royal pleasure."

Without pursuing these remarks, we may ask if it is not at least a suspicious circumstance, that Mr. Lingard should discover so much that is disadvantageous to Protestants, and so little that is unfavourable to Catholics. Can we doubt, that he is labouring to make out a case—defending a party instead of writing a history; and consequently to be suspected and cross-examined at every word before the careful reader can feel satisfied of his accuracy. We say nothing at present of his authorities, although many of them are of the most questionable description; but there is an evident and unintermitting bias in such narratives as these, which no authority can sanction.

Mr. Lingard's practice with respect to authorities is highly reprehensible. A diligent compiler he has undoubtedly been. He furnishes abundance of quotations and references, and occasionally convicts preceding writers of ignorance or inaccuracy. But for the most part, his object is not to sift conflicting testimony, and trace the thread of truth through the maze in which it is entangled and concealed, but to find a witness who acquits Catholics and condemns Protestants, and who is entitled upon that account to unqualified credit. Thus half the exaggerated charges against Henry VIII. rest upon the authority of Cardinal Pole, an interested party, a

declamatory writer, and an amiable, rather than a strictly upright man. The vices of Anne Boleyn are substantiated by the sarcasms of a French bishop, and a Bull of Pope Clement VII. *Persons* and *Saunders* the Jesuits, so famous in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are quoted at every page, and their veracity propped up by observing, that they were not more credulous than John Fox. *Noailles*, the French ambassador to Queen Mary, is represented as decidedly proving the participation of Elizabeth in the plots against her sister's throne; though his character for intrigue and falsehood is known and admitted by Mr. Lingard; and he had an obvious motive for pretending that the Princess was favourable to his schemes. Having incurred the displeasure of his King by overstepping his instructions, and assisting too openly in the councils of the disaffected English, he excused himself by shewing that his interference had not been fruitless since Elizabeth had been gained by his means. His testimony under such circumstances, had it been as explicit as it is ambiguous, would be entitled to little credit. Yet it is the corner-stone of a long and laboured chapter, in which Mr. Lingard endeavours to establish the guilt of the Protestant Queen, and the clemency of her injured sister. In short, the constant practice in this new and improved history of England, is to make use of every circumstance, statement, or insinuation which favours the author's opinion, and to take as little notice as possible of less convenient facts. The reigns of the individuals whom Mr. Lingard paints in the character of two rival queens, will furnish ample proof of the justice of this remark.

To begin with the martyrdom of the Reformers.—Let the readers peruse Mr. Lingard's introduction to this melancholy story.

"It was the lot of Mary to live in an age of religious intolerance, when to punish the professors of erroneous doctrine was inculcated as a duty, no less by those who rejected, than by those who asserted the papal authority. It might perhaps have been expected that the reformers, from their sufferings under Henry VIII. would have learned to respect the rights of conscience. Experience proved the contrary. They had no sooner obtained the ascendancy during the short reign of Edward, than they displayed the same persecuting spirit which they had formerly condemned, burning the anabaptist, and preparing to burn the catholic, at the stake, for no other crime than adherence to religious opinion. The former, by the existing law, was already liable to the penalty of death; the latter enjoyed a precarious respite, because his belief had not yet been pronounced heretical by any acknowledged

authority. But the zeal of archbishop Cranmer observed and supplied this deficiency: and in the code of ecclesiastical discipline which he compiled for the government of the reformed church, he was careful to class the distiguishing doctrines of the ancient worship with those more recently promulgated by Muncer and Socinus. By the new canon law of the metropolitan, to believe in transubstantiation, to admit the papal supremacy, and to deny justification by faith only, were severally made heresy: and it was ordained that individuals accused of holding heretical opinions should be arraigned before the spiritual courts; should be excommunicated on conviction; and after a respite of sixteen days should, if they continued obstinate, be delivered to the civil magistrate, to suffer the punishment provided by law. Fortunately for the professors of the ancient faith, Edward died before this code had obtained the sanction of the legislature: by the accession of Mary the power of the sword passed from the hands of one religious party to those of the other; and within a short time Cranmer and his associates perished in the flames which they had prepared to kindle for the destruction of their opponents." Vol. V. p. 80.

This is pretty well for a beginning,—two anabaptists put to death in the reign of Edward VI. are a justification for the most atrocious persecution ever known in England! The national antipathy with which Philip and Mary, and Gardiner and Bonner, have been regarded for nearly four hundred years, must now be extended to Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, because they were ignorant of the rights of conscience! It is true they did not actually burn hundreds of their fellow creatures. But Mr. Lingard suspects that they intended to do something of this kind, and the cruel intention of a Protestant, is as bad as the actual crime of a Catholic. Repeated use is made of the execution of Boucher and Von Parris, as a set-off against the horrors of the succeeding reign. Great pains are taken to exonerate Gardiner and Bonner from the charge of having promoted the cruelties at which they presided. *Persons* proves the innocence of the former, and Mr. Lingard himself vindicates the fair fame of Bonner by inclining to doubt whether he really deserved "all the odium which has been heaped upon him." As Protestants we can have no wish to impede this humane undertaking. The best excuse which the Catholic Church can offer for the massacres of Queen Mary and her bishops, is, that they were caused by the cruel disposition of individuals. When Mr. Lingard shall have succeeded in demolishing this plea, which as yet he is far from having accomplished; it will only remain to attribute their unexampled persecution to the general spirit of his Church. If we acquit her Majesty, her consort, and her prelates, over all of whom Mr. Lingard

spreads his shield, the charge will recoil against the general system, by which those mild and amiable beings were dipped so deep in blood.

"I am inclined to believe that the queen herself was not actuated so much by motives of policy, as of conscience; that she had imbibed the same intolerant opinion, which Cranmer and Ridley laboured to instil into the young mind of Edward: 'that, as Moses ordered blasphemers to be put to death, so it was the duty of a christian prince, and more so of one, who bore the title of defender of the faith, to eradicate the cockle from the field of God's church, to cut out the gangrene, that it might not spread to the sounder parts.' In this principle both parties seem to have agreed: the only difference between them, regarded its application, as often as it affected themselves." Vol. V. p. 102.

The reader's attention has been already called to Mr. Lingard's beginning: but it can hardly have prepared him for this consummation. The cuckoo note of "Cranmer did the same," is rung ten times over in our ears—but that the only difference between Reformer and Catholic, "regarded the application of the principle as often as it affected themselves," is an assertion which it requires no vulgar effrontery to make, and no vulgar bigotry to believe.

This is the offensive portion of the history of the wretched Mary—the rest is simply ludicrous. The attempt to give dignity to her character, and importance to her reign, may be seen through and exposed by a child. And if the uncharitable should doubt whether Mr. Lingard is sincere in his subsequent endeavours to depreciate Queen Elizabeth, we should say in his defence, that a man who is convinced of Queen Mary's virtues, may be convinced without much difficulty of any thing else. In truth, however, Mr. Lingard's talent is greater in accusation than in defence; and accordingly, his assault upon the reputation of Elizabeth, is a more spirited and dexterous performance, than the miserable bungling *tu quoque* common-place, with which he apologises for Gardiner and Bonner.

As specimens of the spirit in which the Maiden Reign is depicted, we beg leave to refer our readers to the following extracts.—The first is a summary of its principal events—the second, an account of Queen Elizabeth's conversion to Protestantism.

"The long reign of her successor, a reign which occupied nearly the half of a century, will offer to his view a succession of still more interesting events. He will observe the steps by which Elizabeth abolished the ancient, and introduced the reformed,

hierarchy and worship; the severities with which she repressed the discontent of the Catholics and the intemperance of the Puritans; her ambiguous, and often unjustifiable, conduct towards the unfortunate Mary Stuart; her intrigues with the Scottish, French, and Flemish religionists; and her wars, the consequences of those intrigues, with their several sovereigns; the extension of the English commerce under her auspices; the triumphs of the English navy over the formidable fleets of Spain; the successive rise and fall of her different favourites; and the cares, the sorrows, and the despondency of her declining age." *Preface.*

"The reader will recollect that, during the reign of her sister, Elizabeth had professed herself a convert to the ancient faith. The catholics were willing to believe that her conformity arose from conviction: the protestants, while they lamented her apostacy, persuaded themselves that she feigned sentiments which she did not feel. It is probable, that in her own mind she was indifferent to either form of worship: but the moment she ascended the throne, a catholic competitor appeared: Mary Stuart, at the command of her father-in-law, assumed the title of queen of England, and quartered the English arms with those of Scotland and France: and the answer of the pontiff proved, what was already known, that, on Catholic principles, Elizabeth had no 'hereditary right to the crown.' The new ministers, whose prospects depended on the change, urged their mistress to put down a religion which proclaimed her a bastard, and to support the reformed doctrines, which alone could give stability to her throne. After some hesitation, Elizabeth complied: but the caution of Cecil checked the precipitancy of the zealots, who condemned every delay as an additional offence of God: and a resolution was adopted to suppress all knowledge of the intended measure, till every precaution had been taken to ensure its success." Vol. V. p. 147.

These passages are in admirable harmony with one another. In the first, Elizabeth's wars are attributed to her intrigues with discontented religionists: in the second, the king of France is represented as endangering her possession of the throne, before her sister had been dead a month, and Elizabeth as turning Protestant in consequence.

To bolster up the second of these enormous fictions, for which Mr. Lingard quotes nothing like sufficient authority; he makes no mention of the doubts respecting Elizabeth's orthodoxy which were entertained and acted upon during the last reign. He conceals the joy with which her accession was hailed by the increased and increasing ranks of her Protestant subjects. He takes no notice of her triumphal entry into London; although he had made the most of a similar adventure when it befel the favoured Mary. He forgets that the Bible was presented to her on this occasion,

and carefully deposited in her bosom. He is ignorant of innumerable other circumstances which prove that she made no secret of her faith, and that it was publicly known to the common people.

And yet the second of what we must take the liberty of calling Mr. Lingard's dreams concerning Queen Elizabeth, is decidedly at variance with the first. Since, if her rights were denied at so critical a period by the king of France—her title assumed by the Queen of Scotland—and her Catholic subjects released from their allegiance by the Pope; it is not quite fair to complain of her intrigues with foreign Protestants, or to blame her for the wars in which she was involved.

To perceive the full extent of Mr. Lingard's infatuation upon the subject of Queen Elizabeth's foreign policy, it is necessary to read the whole of his bulky narrative. Every fresh occurrence affords him a fresh opportunity of exhibiting what in others we might call an anti-English feeling; but what in him we believe to be merely anti-Protestant. That he has some misgivings respecting the goodness of his cause we infer from the omission of any general account of Elizabeth's conduct or difficulties, excepting that which has been extracted from the advertisement. Incidental notices of the religious wars in France, and the other events of the age are introduced, and give occasion to commend the Guises, King Philip, and every other individual who was opposed to the English Queen. But the great contest which was carried on in Europe between freedom and slavery, between a reformed and a corrupt faith, is never once mentioned. The ambitious designs of Philip II. are never once alluded to; and in spite of the admissions which are wrung from him in the course of his history, Mr. Lingard always speaks as if Elizabeth had received no provocation. The account of the Armada is drawn up completely in this style. The facts of the case are so strong, that they force themselves into observation. The pretended cause of quarrel, the Queen's encouragement of the United Provinces, could hardly have sent Philip to the Pope for a blessing and a Cardinal. The desire of conquest and extended empire is plainly manifested throughout the proceeding, and thus is it described by Mr. Lingard.

"We are now arrived at the most interesting and memorable epoch in the reign of Elizabeth. The reader must have noticed the injuries, which the queen had almost annually offered to the king of Spain. She had intercepted his treasure, had given aid to his rebels, had hired foreign mercenaries to fight against his armies, and had suffered her mariners to plunder and massacre his

defenceless subjects on the high seas, and in his American dominions. Policy taught him to dissemble: he covered his feelings with an affectation of disdain: and the monarch, so haughty to every other power, appeared to bear the provocations given by Elizabeth with the most stoical indifference. But the constant repetition of insult, the sophisms with which his complaints had formerly been answered, and the recollection that the queen, under the reign of her sister, had owed her liberty, perhaps her life, to his protection, sharpened the edge of his resentment: and, if he hesitated to strike, it was only that he might take more sure and ample vengeance. In 1583, after a forbearance of fifteen years, he flattered himself that the day of retribution was come. The duke of Anjou had been driven out of the Netherlands: France trembled on the verge of a civil war; and the defeat of his rival don Antonio, with the reduction of Tercera, had secured on his head the crown of Portugal. Freed from other foes, he turned his attention to the English queen: but he was by nature slow and cautious: to arrange his plans, to make his preparations, demanded leisure and consideration; and five more years were suffered to elapse, before the Armada, destined to subjugate the English nation, was ready to sail from the ports of Spain. During this interval the conduct of Elizabeth had not been calculated to avert his resentment. She had sent to the relief of the Belgian insurgents an English army under a general, who assumed the title and authority of governor of the revolted provinces, and after a trial, unprecedented in the annals of Europe, she had taken, on a scaffold, the life of the queen of Scots. The first was equivalent to a declaration of war, which Philip could not refuse to notice without the imputation of cowardice: the second was an insult to the majesty of sovereigns, which, as the most powerful of christian monarchs, he deemed it his duty to revenge.

"Of all men, the Spanish king should have been the last to acknowledge in the pontiff the right of disposing of the crowns of princes. In former times he had not hesitated to declare war against Paul IV.; and by his general, the duke of Alva, had dictated the terms of peace, in the Vatican. Revenge and ambition taught him a different lesson. In confidence he communicated his object to Sixtus V. the reigning pope, and solicited his cooperation in an attempt, which had for one of its objects the restoration of the papal authority in England. For this purpose, he demanded an aid in money, the renewal of the censures promulgated against Elizabeth by former popes, and a grant of the purple for Dr. Allen, who, in the event of success, might proceed as legate to England, regulate the concerns of religion as had been done by cardinal Pole, and confer on the conqueror the investiture of the kingdom. Allen, ignorant of the project, was at the Spa, for the benefit of his health: under some other pretext, he was drawn to Rome; and, though he declined the dignity, as he had before declined it under Gregory XIII., he was, against his will, created

a cardinal by the title of St. Martin in montibus. But though Sixtus kept the secret locked up within his own breast, the motive of Allen's promotion was suspected by the politicians at the papal court; and the pontiff, apprehensive of the discovery, exhorted Philip to hasten the expedition, offering him a subsidy of a million of crowns, to be paid as soon as the invading army had landed on the coast of England." Vol. V. p. 487.

The man who writes this cannot conceive that Queen Elizabeth was really jealous of the political designs of her Catholic subjects! Cannot believe, that when she executed Catholics for treason, she really supposed them guilty of any thing but heresy. Cannot rejoice, and does not rejoice at the destruction of this formidable Armada, and hardly restrains himself from deploring its fate.

It only remains to enquire whether the internal history of the kingdom is related in the same spirit as the external. And the reader will not hesitate to determine that it is, when we inform him, that the notice of ecclesiastical affairs is meagre and superficial in the extreme—that the literary history of the age is not mentioned or hinted at; and that a dry, tedious account of Mary, Queen of Scots, before and after her flight to England, occupies the principal portion of the volume.

The account contains little that is new; and if it is less marked by prejudice and partiality than the bulk of Mr. Lingard's work, it is at the same time unable to stand the test of a comparison with preceding histories of the same transactions. He leaves the question of Mary's character pretty much where it had previously been. With an inclination to acquit her of the crimes which she is said to have committed in Scotland, he does not venture positively to pronounce her not guilty. And, admitting her connection with the conspirators against Elizabeth, he speaks more temperately than we expected, of her trial and execution. It is difficult to conceive why so virulent an enemy of Queen Elizabeth should pass thus slightly over the worst of her actions. But Mr. Lingard, more anxious to establish her weakness than her wickedness, may grudge her the credit of committing a bold crime.

If this should appear a harsh and uncharitable supposition, we must refer, in its defence, to the character of the Queen, which concludes the volume before us. The greater part of it shall be transferred, for the reader's information, into our own pages. The history of her economy, her dresses, her dinners, her vanity, and her ill-humour, may be spared. Her despotic government and arbitrary proceedings, are known

to every one, and Mr. Lingard may censure them as much and as often as he pleases. With the exception of these threadbare subjects, the following extracts contain all that Mr. Lingard thinks fit to say on the reign and character of his heroine.

"In the judgment of her contemporaries, and that judgement has been ratified by the consent of posterity, Elizabeth was numbered among the greatest and the most fortunate of our princes. The tranquillity, which, during a reign of nearly half a century, she maintained within her dominions, while the neighbouring nations were convulsed with intestine dissensions, was taken as a proof of the wisdom or the vigour of her government: and her successful resistance against the Spanish monarch, the many injuries which she inflicted on that lord of so many kingdoms, and the spirit displayed by her fleets and armies, in expeditions to France and the Netherlands, to Spain, to the West and even the East Indies, served to give to the world an exalted notion of her military and naval power. When she came to the throne, England ranked only among the secondary kingdoms; before her death it had risen to a level with the first nations in Europe.

"Of this rise two causes may be assigned. The one, though more remote, was that spirit of commercial enterprise, which had revived in the reign of Mary, and had been carefully fostered, in that of Elizabeth, by the patronage of the sovereign, and the co-operation of the great. Its benefits were not confined to the trading and sea-faring classes, the two interests more immediately concerned. It gave a new tone to the public mind: it diffused a new energy through all ranks of men. Their views became expanded: their powers were called into action! and the example of successful adventure furnished a powerful stimulus to the talent and industry of the nation. Men in every profession looked forward to wealth and independance: all were eager to start in the race of improvement.

"The other cause may be discovered in the system of foreign policy, adopted by the ministers; a policy, indeed, which it may be difficult to reconcile with honesty and good faith, but which, in the result, proved eminently successful. The reader has seen them perpetually on the watch to sow the seeds of dissension, to foment the spirit of resistance, and to aid the efforts of rebellion in the neighbouring nations. In Scotland the authority of the crown was almost annihilated; France was reduced to an unexampled state of anarchy, poverty, and distress: and Spain beheld with dismay her wealth continually absorbed, and her armies annually perishing, among the dikes and sand-banks of the Low Countries. The depression of these powers, if not a positive, was a relative benefit. As other princes descended, the English queen appeared to rise on the scale of reputation and power.

"In what proportion the merit or demerit of these and of other

measures should be shared between Elizabeth and her counsellors, it is impossible to determine. On many subjects she could see only with their eyes, and hear with their ears; yet it is evident that her judgment or her conscience frequently disapproved of their advice. Sometimes, after a long struggle, they submitted to her wisdom or obstinacy; sometimes she was terrified or seduced into the surrender of her own opinion: generally a compromise was effected by mutual concessions. This appears to have happened on most debates of importance, and particularly with respect to the treatment of the unfortunate queen of Scots. Elizabeth may perhaps have dissembled: she may have been actuated by jealousy or hatred: but, if we condemn, we should also remember the arts and frauds of the men by whom she was surrounded, the false information which they supplied, the imaginary dangers which they created, and the dispatches which they dictated in England to be forwarded to the queen through the ambassadors in foreign courts, as the result of their own judgment and observation.

"It may be, that the habitual irresolution of Elizabeth was partially owing to her discovery of such practices: but there is reason to believe that it was a weakness inherent in the constitution of her mind. To deliberate appears to have been her delight: to resolve was her torment. She would receive advice from any; from foreigners as well as natives, from the ladies of her bedchamber no less than the lords of her council: but her distrust begot hesitation; and she always suspected that some interested motive lurked under the pretence of zeal for her service. Hence she often suffered months, sometimes years, to roll away before she came to a conclusion: and then it required the same industry and address to keep her steady to her purpose, as it had already cost to bring her to it. The ministers, in their confidential correspondence, perpetually lamented this infirmity in the queen: in public they employed all their ingenuity to screen it from notice, and to give the semblance of wisdom to that which, in their own judgment, they characterized as folly." Vol. V. p. 612.

"From the elevation of the throne, we may now follow Elizabeth into the privacy of domestic life. Her natural abilities were great: she had studied under experienced masters; and her stock of literature was much more ample than that of most females of the age. Like her sister Mary, she possessed a knowledge of five languages: but Mary did not venture to converse in Italian, neither could she construe the Greek Testament, like Elizabeth. The queen is said to have excelled on the virginals, and to have understood the most difficult music. But dancing was her principal delight: and in that exercise she displayed a grace and spirit, which was universally admired. She retained her partiality for it to the last: few days passed in which the young nobility of the court were not called to dance before their sovereign; and the queen herself condescended to perform her part in a galliard with the duke of Nevers, at the age of sixty-nine." Vol. V. p. 618.

"To her first parliament she had expressed a wish that on her tomb might be inscribed the title of 'the virgin queen.' But the woman who despises the safeguards, must be content to forfeit the reputation, of chastity. It was not long before her familiarity with Dudley provoked dishonourable reports. At first they gave her pain: but her feelings were soon blunted by passion: in the face of the whole court she assigned to her supposed paramour an apartment contiguous to her own bed-chamber: and by this indecent act proved that she was become regardless of her character, and callous to every sense of shame. But Dudley, though the most favoured, was not considered as her only lover: among his rivals were numbered Hatton and Raleigh, and Oxford and Blount, and Simier and Anjou: and it was afterwards believed that her licentious habits survived, even when the fires of wantonness had been quenched by the chill of age. The court imitated the manners of the sovereign. It was a place in which, according to Faunt, 'all enormities reigned in the highest degree,' or according to Harrington, 'where there was no love, but that of the lusty god of gallantry, Asmodeus.'" Vol. V. p. 621.

"The historians, who celebrate the golden days of Elizabeth, have described with a glowing pencil, the happiness of the people under her sway. To them might be opposed the dismal picture of national misery, drawn by the catholic writers of the same period. But both have taken too contracted a view of the subject. Religious dissension had divided the nation into opposite parties, of almost equal numbers, the oppressors and the oppressed. Under the operation of the penal statutes, many ancient and opulent families had been ground to the dust: new families had sprung up in their place: and these as they shared the plunder, naturally eulogized the system to which they owed their wealth and their ascendancy. But their prosperity was not the prosperity of the nation: it was that of one half obtained at the expense of the other." Vol. V. p. 625.

The tendency, and therefore, we presume, the intention of these passages, is to make Queen Elizabeth as contemptible as possible. The favourable and just judgment of her contemporaries and of posterity, with which Mr. Lingard commences his summing up, is to be reversed, at this late time of day, by a conjuror in Jesuit's attire, who touches history with his wand, and changes light into darkness! The golden days of good Queen Bess are to be erased, for the future, from the annals of this nation, in compliment to the veracity of Persons and Saunders, vouched and attested by their successor, Mr. Lingard! The lion port of our favourite Queen is henceforth to be regarded as a bully's cloak, concealing a weak and irresolute heart. The masculine understanding

and conduct which defied the Pope in his power, and humbled the greatest king in the world, are treated as if they had never been; and the whole of Elizabeth's glory is transferred to the "system of foreign policy adopted by the ministers!" Who adopted the ministers, Mr. Lingard omits to mention. He leaves us equally in the dark respecting that chivalrous spirit which was formerly supposed to have been embodied in Sidney and Raleigh, and to have communicated a portion of its fire to all the servants of the maiden queen. In summing up the reign of this illustrious woman, her new and impartial historian devotes a page to her success, and a paragraph to her abilities, but not one line to her virtues. In turning to the dark side of a character in which there was much to blame, the writer relapses into his usual prolixity, and covers ten sides of paper with the expression of his displeasure. Having convicted her Majesty of disputing occasionally with her ministers, carrying her economy to the verge of stinginess, and her vanity to the utmost limits allotted to her sex, Mr. Lingard at length ventures upon a more delicate subject, and accuses her of such gross incontinence, that the accusation refutes itself. No one can deny that there are suspicious circumstances against the character of the maiden queen. It is equally notorious that circumstances irreconcileable with the supposition of her guilt, have been pointed out in the course of the controversies on this subject. Mr. Lingard makes the most of all the former, and knows nothing whatsoever of the latter. Mary's intimacy with Rizzio, was, on the whole, more discreditable than Elizabeth's partiality for Leicester. Our Jesuit does not hesitate to pronounce the one indisputably innocent, and the other as indisputably guilty.

To conclude this scandalous piece of partiality he stumbles over the reputed happiness of Queen Elizabeth's subjects, and lights upon the ingenious expedient which the reader has witnessed for counteracting that disagreeable fact. The Protestants might be comfortable, but the Catholics suffered! That is to say, the loyal and peaceable enjoyed their own and prospered;—the seditious, at the instigation of Mr. Lingard's brethren, Saunders and Persons, conspired, rebelled, and were punished. As to these misguided men constituting one half of the nation, the falsehood of such an assertion is known to every reader of history, and is confessed by Mr. Lingard himself. "The tranquillity which Elizabeth maintained within her dominions for nearly half a century" is mentioned at the outset of the summary we have quoted. When the writer arrived at its close, his memory was treacherous,

and he asserts what, if true, would be more creditable to the Queen than any part of that reputation to which Mr. Lingard denies her claim. If with one half of her people disaffected and miserable, their discontents fostered by Jesuits, and their passions excited by a pretender and a pope, the Queen contrived to preserve them in tranquillity for fifty years, her internal administration must have been the best and most skilful upon record. The fact is not true; nobody but Mr. Lingard ever said that it was; and he ought to be ashamed of so bold an assertion, for it has placed him in a dilemma from which he cannot escape.

In conclusion, we may be permitted to hope that Mr. Lingard's volumes will not only be read but studied. This new defence of the Pope and the Jesuits ought to be generally known. The nation at large should be made to understand what can be said for the religion we have forsaken. They will not be troubled with any positive evidence of the merits of unreformed Christianity. On that subject Mr. Lingard is silent; he trusts exclusively to negative testimony, and flatters himself we shall be convinced of the value of popery, when we have listened to his invective against the men that overturned it. Throughout the whole of these two massy volumes, written by a Jesuit as an apology for his faith, it has not been found convenient to state the difference between the old and new learning; to contrast their respective doctrines, or even to dogmatize upon their respective merits. There is no proof and little presumption that the author believes in Christianity under any of its modifications. The tendency of his work is to bring them all into contempt. If Popery must rise wherever Protestantism declines, Mr. Lingard may yet prove a pillar of his church; for he has laboured to disparage the Reformation and its promoters. If this indirect defence does not suffice, if the chosen advocate of English Jesuits is expected to establish the purity of his religion, if he is required to prove that it has not corrupted the Gospel, that its head, the Pope, is neither an usurper nor a tyrant, that its doctrines are not an insult upon the human understanding, and as such direct stepping-stones to profaneness and infidelity; for these things we must turn to some less skilful apologist: there is not a syllable upon the subject in the pages of Mr. Lingard.

ART. II. *The Cross and the Crescent; an Heroic Metrical Romance. By the Rev. James Beresford.* 8vo. 382 pp. 14*s*. Hatchard. 1824.

MR. BERESFORD has already introduced himself to the public by his pen. We say *introduced himself*; for, among all the writers of the present day, no one appears to us to be distinguished by greater independence of spirit, or a more fixed determination to owe to his own exertions whatever laurels are awarded him.

In the "*Miseries of Human Life*" he gave a fearless specimen of originality and humour. He there ridiculed the folly of permitting our tempers to be ruffled by trifles, or our happiness to suffer from such common occurrences as meeting a flock of sheep on a dusty road, or finding a split pen and dry inkstand, when hastening to write an unnecessary letter. We dare say no one ever read that book regularly through, yet few could look into it without laughing, and, during a dull debate in a certain house, (*if* they are ever dull there), or a tedious journey, or a valetudinarian's attendance on Astley Cooper or Abernethy, it may still have its use.

The next character (we believe) in which our author appeared, was that of a judicious defender of our Established Church, and an orthodox expounder of its articles.

It is something to rejoice at in the present day, that *such a man* should be a poet; or rather, that, previous to coming forward as a poet, he should have proved himself to be such a man. Instead of opening his pages with a tremendous apprehension lest they should contain filth or blasphemy, we can prepare to follow him on his way with a certainty, that, neither for selfish ends, nor with a political purpose, still less for an irreligious object, will he be tempted to his flight by avaricious or party views, or be winged, during his progress, by Infidelity.

The title of Mr. Beresford's Poem, "the Cross and the Crescent," intimates its connection with that period of our history, when religion and chivalry united and armed nearly the whole of civilized Europe under the red-cross banner, against the Saracens' unhallowed possession of the sacred sepulchre. The time fixed upon is that of the third Crusade, A. D. 1191, after Richard of England and Philip of France had agreed to join forces, and to assemble at Messina. To the readers of *Sir James Bland Burgess*, there may be some-

thing alarming in the very mention of Cœur de Lion, and if we wished to frighten them from perusing the Poem before us, we might imitate the Arab mothers, who, for years after the Crusade, used to excite the fears of their children by telling them "Richard was coming." In this case, however, the alarm would be groundless. In the "Cross and the Crescent," Richard is *not* coming; that is, as the principal personage or hero of the tale.

We are told in the title-page, and it is all we are told, that the story is founded upon Madame Cottin's Mathilde. It matters, however, but little, to a poetical reader, upon what the story of a bard is built. Indeed, Mr. Beresford seems to think so to a greater extent than might be wished; for, presuming that every one is acquainted with the recorded events of the twelfth century, he does not vouchsafe a single note of explanation throughout a Poem of nine books, and (we should guess) about five hundred stanzas, containing, besides allusions not known to many, terms of armory, chivalry, and the like, such as few have met with, and of those few, some have forgotten. In saying this, we by no means complain that there is no *preface*. We wish there could be a law against prefaces, which, as modest apologies, mean nothing, and as abridged narratives of the coming work, mean too much. But this objection does not apply to *notes*, which, if not "by linked *learning* long drawn out," would, we are satisfied, form instructive addenda, and be welcome to those readers who have not seen William of Tyre or Mathew Paris. We urge this in spite of the Poem's being styled a *Romance*, since it contains so many historical facts, so many names of uncommon use:

> "Petrary, Trabuchat, and Espringall,
> Scorpion, War-wolf, and dread Mangonall;"

so much, in short, that requires to be accompanied with notes.

Having remarked upon this *omission*, we will just hint at the *commission* of certain little short lines .... (we know not the printer's name for them) of novel use, and intended, we suppose, to aid, while, in our opinion, they puzzle the reader: at least, we were often rather bewildered by them, and are ready to declare our attachment to the good old style of punctuation. Having performed this duty, we proceed to give an outline of the story.

Previous to joining the Crusaders, Richard Plantagenet, accompanied by the venerable High Pontiff of Tyre, pays a visit to his sister *Matilda*. She had been, from her child-

hood, the inmate of a "convent's lonely cell," when the presence of her brother roused new religious impulses, and occasioned her departure. Thus, while the Lady Abbess and her virgin companions, "dropp'd on their knees and bless'd the cause" in which Richard was engaging, the pious Matilda desired to leave those tranquil shades, and "seek the land that kiss'd of yore her lov'd Redeemer's feet." Her wish accorded with the spirit of those times; so that, having obtained the blessings of the holy society, she prepared to embark with her lion-hearted brother.

"'Tis night,--and to her cell the maid retires:—
And hath she sunk to rest?
Nay—Slumber binds not with his golden chain
The body, while the fervid soul aspires
To liberty,--and life through ev'ry vein
Runs wild,--and Hope, her glowing guest,
Shows loftier destinies, that call to range
Where scenes of holy triumph, great and strange,
Rise, like a brighter morn, with salutation blest.

"Thus vital joy sustain'd the wakeful fair.
What marvel?—e'en the world's ignoble brood,
In chase of many an empty name,
Laugh sleep to scorn,--and seem to thrive on air,
While flashes of to-morrow fire the frame:—
See the fierce warrior pile his path of blood
With hecatombs to vengeance, gold, or pow'r,--
Deeming his brightest hope made good
By the brief twilight of terrestrial fame!
He, though his toiling arm, from hour to hour,
Hews on,...while at the battle's nightly close
He finds no food, and, girt with dangers dire,
Thanks the cold ground for all the rest he knows;---
E'en he, by thought refresh'd, forgets to tire;
What!--can the slave of earth forbid
Repose to light upon his lid,--
And shall the spirit drowse, when heav'nly hopes inspire?"

Book I. *stanz.* 23, 4.

Quitting the convent, Matilda is conveyed to Messina, where the united forces of England and France are transported, but not directly to "Salem's holy towers," since

"On Acre's billow-beaten wall
First the pending stroke must fall;
Then crowd the foes,"

commanded by the mighty Saladine. A storm, however, diverts them from their course, and the armaments are com-

pelled to take refuge in the Bay of Cyprus. A tempest described in verses like the following, may make our readers rejoice that it occurred.

" A mortal stillness held the shudd'ring deep.
Heavy with doom,—with lurid volumes hung,
Conglob'd with must'ring masses . . heap o'er heap—
Slow labours the dark load of storm along.
That load is pois'd :—that darkness, like a spell,
Blinds all th' abyss with horror breath'd from hell !—
At signal from a darted flash, the sky
Groan'd thunder ;—Expectation groans reply !—
Again the quiv'ring forks outfly, . .
While, with full burst, the voice o'er head,
Redoubling crack on crack, with boundless peal,
Roars at the world, as it would wake the dead !—
Wide Nature, . . to her centre's made to feel
The mighty shake, and from her basis reel,
While many a boom sends awfully around,
Through all the jarring realms, big-rolling tides of sound."

Book I. *stanz.* 38.

At Cyprus Matilda finds a companion, and Richard one whom he shortly makes his bride in *Lennora*, (the Berengaria of history), Princess of Navarre, shipwrecked at the same time. No sooner, however, had Richard obtained a Queen, than war entices him from her arms, and *Lusignan*, the Ex-King of Jerusalem, receives his promise of support against *Conrad*, aiming at the vacant throne, with Philip as his friend. The jealousy thus excited between Philip and Richard, prevented them from prosecuting the siege of Acre, (or Ptolemais), though their armies were assembled beneath its walls, and Montmorenci was dispatched to Cyprus to convey away the royal ladies. During the voyage Matilda's charms make a deep, though unseen impression, upon the heart of her gallant conductor, but (such is the waywardness of fortune) *Hadal*, the valiant brother of Saladine, is upon the ocean, and doomed, by the capture of their vessel, to become himself the slave of the beloved Matilda.

Here the *Romance* commences, and our narration must be contracted. In order that he may enjoy more frequent opportunities of approaching Matilda, Hadal dismisses the pious Wilhelm, together with Montmorenci. They repair to the camp, and the rival kings are persuaded, by the venerable Priest, to forget their quarrel, and attack the town.

" So have I seen a master of the lyre,
Prelusive to his potent lay,
Dispose to concord ev'ry jarring wire,
And steal their dissonance away :

"With jealous ear, and with enquiring hand,
He prov'd the gradual ranks of sound,—
The unsocial string relax'd or wound,—
And reconcil'd the chords with nice command;
Then link'd in union sweet, through each degree,
Stood all the loving tribes of harmony."

Book IV. *stanz.* 35.

We give the foregoing comparison, not because the thought is new, but because it is well expressed.

The siege of Acre now commences, in a description always spirited, and frequently rising to a high point of grandeur and magnificence. It is possible our early studies may have favoured the effect of Mr. Beresford's muse. Certainly we were glad to see a contest maintained by valour and strength such as Homer would have given his heroes; while courage and the deeds of the brave were sometimes illustrated by similes and comparisons, such as the Mæonian bard might not have disdained to use. We may have been predisposed also to view with delight a town attacked and won somewhat after the old classical style of warfare, battered to destruction by

"The brazen-fronted ram—the trav'ling tow'r,
Balista huge,"

while

"Catapults releas'd the darts they bore."

We think, however, that they who read what has pleased us, will understand our feelings, and rejoice with us, that Mr. Beresford is not only a poet of no mean order, but a scholar also, whose mind is strongly imbued with the flavour of that literature, which ages have agreed to admire. The siege of Acre is rather a striking feature in this Poem. What appears throughout the whole work, is here particularly evident, namely, that Horace's salutary maxim of "*sæpe stylum vertas,*" has not been neglected, and that our bard omitted nothing in his power to render that perfect, which he was about to make public. His command of words, (we wish he had *invented* fewer), his flow of language, his careful selection of apt and forcible epithets, must strike every reader. Perhaps he has not sufficiently restrained himself in some respects, and the curb, which Longinus rightly thinks is often as requisite as the spur, seems to have been occasionally disused in our author's anxiety to make the construction of his lines expressive of meaning—the sound indicate the sense: an endeavour in which he has often succeeded, but which, we think, he has too frequently made. If his descriptions too

appear sometimes retailed to too great a length—no wonder, He tells us, and probably with truth, of his subject,

"I find its fever in my song,
And feel it in my burning brain."

Book IV. *stanz.* 33.

However, we plead guilty to having turned over a leaf or two forwards, in more parts than one, of this Poem, in order to see how far the course of inspiration was to bear us along. But it is, at the same time, impossible to deny, that the poet often carried us onwards in a rapid and wonderful manner, while, with an originality almost peculiar to himself, he shortened or lengthened his verses, now adopting rhyme, now imperceptibly rejecting it—raising, in his gigantic efforts, "*Ossa super Pelion*," till he elevated us to a high degree of poetical sympathy, and inspired us with much, if not all, of the glowing ardour that he felt. Thus Acre is besieged amid such "iron music" and "deafning discord,"

"That e'en while ocean heav'd at hand,
O'er-tumbling, bursts and bounds against the land,
Each heavy-thund'ring surge but seems to kiss the shore."

Book IV. *stanz.* 49.

Our readers will easily believe that a British Bard, of the nineteenth century, could not look upon the walls of *Acre*, without feeling an added glow of patriotism, and weaving a crown for the warrior's brow that has lately made it the theatre of his glory. Sir Sydney Smith could not be forgotten while all that was courageous and intrepid was thus being made the theme of song, nor was the transition from him to the heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo, avoidable, while heroism was seen to throw away its scabbard, and victory to wave its banner upon the well-fought field. They who desire that the brave defenders of our country should be immortal, will rejoice that Mr. Beresford has not neglected the opportunity which his subject afforded. But, as both with respect to the tribute of the Poet and the siege itself, our limits preclude us from extracting as we could wish, we must be content again to refer our readers to what we feel convinced their own taste for the powerful and brilliant, will not overlook in the perusal.

We now return to Matilda, of whose heart the high-minded Hadal has, meanwhile, been obtaining, by degrees, a firm possession. Unfortunately for the captive maid, but happily for the readers of poetry, the conflict, raised within her breast by the opposite dictates of religion and nature, is continued in situations and among scenes, highly favourable to poetical

embellishment. The faith of the Moslem Chief, ("remove but that mountain!") placed an insuperable barrier in the path of his love. In vain did he urge his suit. In vain did the heart of Matilda plead in his behalf, with all its sweet and treacherous casuistry. In vain did she almost convince herself that one *so perfect* as Hadal, *must* soon cease to worship the false prophet. He had well nigh become an apostate with his lips, but even then he *too honestly* prepared her to expect no change in his convictions. And could a Christian Princess, journeying from a convent to the Holy Sepulchre, agree to wed the follower of Mahomet? The question was often put, and hopes of his conversion—as false as she was fair—succeded; but the final answer was—that it was impossible.

During these discussions of the heart, Matilda was pitied by Lennora, and piously supported by Wilhelm. But she was destined to be threatened and terrified by a female fury, once the object, and still jealous, of Hadal's preference. With a mind almost distracted by the revelations and denunciations of *Agnes*, she flies she knows not whither, till she plunges into a wood, called, by Moslems, the "Demon Wood," in consequence, not only of its natural horrors, and its being the seat of Ribauld rites, but of the legend of destruction against their religion, which the entrance into it, of a Christian under particular circumstances, should accomplish. Hadal, alarmed at Matilda's danger, and heedless of destiny, pursues her into the gloom which "not the deep-retiring owl dares know;"

"That dingle's shade among
The lone maid sudden sees
An eye all blood and fire, with glance that stings,
At her keen-pointing its infernal aim!—
Stone still with horror,----then down sinking slow
Before the trailing miscreant as he came,
She died within.—No help her champion brings!—
Proof to her agony, th' erected foe,
Long o'er her head in cruel dispert flings,
Twining his limber volumes to and fro:—
Now gathering up his billowy length below,
He shrinks into the coil that gives him wings,
And busy with his lightning tongue,
Distends his throat, as mischief heaves and swells
Through all its angry-working cells!—
Bloated immense, and like a fiend up-sprung,
He darts!—

But e'er the flitting moment go,
An arm, by love's energic rage possest,
Hath visited that hateful crest,...
Though dizzy vengeance half-defrauds the blow."

Book III. *stanz.* 42.

Here, surely, is poetry, and an animated representation truly terrific!

Matilda returns with Hadal. But the warnings of her spiritual guide, ere he is dismissed by the Moslem Chief, lead her to a more determined flight, and she profits by the absence of Hadal, to brave the horrors of the desert, in search of a pious monk, to whose care Wilhelm had recommended her. When we say that Mr. Beresford has ventured to describe a journey over that "fiery sea of sand, without mark, break, or bound," we need add nothing to prove that he is, at any rate, a most intrepid poet. We will leave our readers to judge for themselves hereafter, how far he has succeeded, in order that we may briefly conclude the story.

Matilda's guards are destroyed by Arabs; Hadal, *of course*, arrives to rescue her, and the progress of love is, *of course*, not interrupted. But at this time Montmorenci brings intelligence that an armistice had been agreed to by Richard and Saladine. The captives are now released, Richard having consented that Hadal, of whose love he had been apprised, should receive the hand of Matilda, upon becoming a Christian. Montmorenci escorts the princesses, but is attacked by the treachery of an Arab, in conjunction with the furious Agnes; and, losing his life in defending Matilda, gives occasion to some pathetic verses. The royal ladies reach the camp of Richard; a tournament is held, and described with considerable gracefulness, where we have minstrels, as of yore, and lovely ladies, and chivalrous knights "amid the sheen of banners;" after which, Hadal is called upon to declare his faith, and Matilda learns that he is—*not a Christian*. Richard then proposes that she should accept, in his stead, the ambitious and treacherous Lusignan, who, from his first interview at Cyprus, had aspired, though in secret, to this *convenient* alliance. He is rejected, meditates revenge, and employs an assassin to take away the life of his rival. The murderer strikes a blow—fatal, but not causing instant death. Hadal lingers for a while. Matilda, weakened by trial and distress, is permitted to visit him in his last hour; speaks to him the words of eternal truth; and at length hears Hadal declare himself a convert to Christianity. Their sorrows are now over, and with them this world's joys. No sooner are they one in faith, than they are one in death;

"And, welcoming the golden reign of bliss
That waits them—seal their first—last hallow'd kiss;"

after which,

"O'er their quench'd eyes the heavier lids fall slow."

Book IX.

Such is the outline, and but the outline, of the story. We will only add to it that, in one part of the Poem, the character of Saladine receives rather a singular tribute, as coming from a bard. The praise awarded him is doubtless just, and was fairly earned by that victorious and generous chief. But it is amusing to learn from the historian, that "*poets were safe in the contempt of Saladine.*"

We extract a few specimens of the battle songs, in which Mr. Beresford's merit is conspicuous.

"It gleam'd at last··the Morning's welcome ray:—
True to the signal, down from Hill, and Scaur,
In dark, broad masses, mov'd the Sons of War.
Still, as the fervid Sun exalts his car,
Bright, and more bright, the diamond sparks of Day
On arms and armour touch in dazzling play.—
Where frowns the vanward casque in air,
Arch'd with a crest of tossing hair,
Each King-led Armament behold,--
Their acts in solemn Story told.
Forth-marching,··fraught with ev'ry pow'r
By Force employ'd in Battle's hour,
And all that in the Brave inspires
Loftier hopes, and livelier fires,--
Harness, clanging full and fast,
Shook by the tread of legions vast,—
Clarions, with courageous breath,
Shrill publishing their tunes of death,—
Gong, that with rebounding beat
Ratifies the trumpet's threat,—
Gonfalons, that, flourish'd high,
Now shew,··now ravish from the eye,..
Their proud chivalric blazonry---
The Armies of the Lord, out-pour'd amain,
In lightning, and in thunder, sweep the lab'ring Plain!"

P. 151.

"What fall was there,··that with immod'rate roar
Shook to its firm foundations all the shore?
'Twas Gallia's Deed:—Then tumbled Acra's pride!
From yonder Tow'r, that many an age had stood,
Mocking the Siege of Battle, Blast, and Flood,
Had Philip drawn the solid Base, before,
And upright beams with secret art supplied.

Soon,--to the Victims all unknown,--
Consuming fires, by many a breath strong-blown,
Embrac'd the timbers round.—On ev'ry side
The Miners fled for life---when, with a shock,
Dire as the downfal of a mountain-rock,
The pile, with all its iron-cumber'd Host
Of Infidels, in headlong ruin lost,
Clang'd thunder, as it broke into the Deep:—
There, till Earth's final hour, yon welt'ring Crew shall sleep!

" Tremendous as the wild-invading Sea,
When, slighting ev'ry bar, it hurries on,
O'erwhelming Life and Land,--the Chivalry
Of Gallia through the yawning breach is gone,—
Arm'd Europe foll'wing in.—The Pagan Brood,
With hearts that give no harbour to Despair,
(Nought but the Wolves of Rage are there!)
Welcome the fatal chance, and issuing all
From Ballium, Turret, Bartizan, and Wall,
With frenzied eagerness,--their Prophet call,—
In fancy rend their Prey, and howl for blood!

" Man threatens—but the Battle is the Lord's.
Like foaming Oceans met, the desp'rate Foes
Plunge deep in death,--while ev'ry vein that flows
Reddens the flash of thousand quart'ring swords.
Look where join in mounting strife
Yon Leaders, flush'd with fervent life!—
Look again!—Pale clods they lie,
Spurn'd by the Crowds that trample by!—
In hurtling fury torn, or prest,--
Their shields dash'd back upon the breast,--
Repell'd—rebounding,—shoal'd aside.—
They reel, they toss, in struggling tide,...
Suck'd in the vortex of the Fray,--
Or flung in fragments far away!—
None stop to pant;—no thought is here
Of wound, or weakness--flight, or fear:—
As Battle were a festal game,
On all, the mortal Madness came!" P. 189.

It will have been seen that Mr. Beresford has chosen a field, upon which a bard, gifted with a great variety and grasp of poetical talent, might yet find "ample room and verge enough" for its exercise. Wisely keeping clear of Jerusalem, whose liberation had been sung by the Italian muse, he has selected such scenes for description as few would have attempted to paint, and fewer still would have succeeded in painting well. His characters are not only personages of

high degree, but strongly marked and boldly pourtrayed. He takes us over the ocean in storms, places us within the awful view of battle, makes us enter with him the burning interminable desert, and breathe with him the dreadful Simoom. During our progress, we find him travelling with ease, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" often exhibiting profound reflection, with no inconsiderable knowledge of the human heart, representing violent passions in vivid colours, and giving nervous thoughts with a rare power, and soft emotions with a sweet tenderness of language.

His subjects required great courage and ability to undertake and complete them; yet we are of opinion that, so far from degrading the dignity of his theme, Mr. Beresford has always maintained, often advanced it.

ART. III. *The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the year* 1822. 8vo. 1012 pp. 18*s*. Rivingtons. 1824.

WE have much satisfaction in recommending to our readers another volume of the Annual Register. The same good sense and impartiality which we have repeatedly extolled, continue to guide the judgment of the Editor, as well in the selection of his materials as in the remarks which he makes on the spirit of the times and on the principal actors in the great drama of political life. Devoted to no party he does justice to all: praises the industry of Hume, the manly frankness of Peel, and the splendid eloquence of Canning. As to general principles and views, he, no doubt, bestows his approbation most unreservedly upon the conduct of Administration; and in this particular his opinions coincide with those of almost the whole nation, and with those which the British Critic has uniformly supported, even when they did not enjoy the countenance of so large a majority as is now found to maintain them.

The time of peace, as the Editor observes, is not usually esteemed the most favourable for the labours of the annalist. Public events are neither so numerous nor so interesting as in the bustling period of war, when the fate of the country and the fortunes of individuals are suspended upon the skill of a general or the wisdom of a plenipotentiary. But notwithstanding the tranquillity which is at present enjoyed by the great European commonwealth, there are before the eye of the philosopher much materials for deep thought and serious

anticipation, relative to the future history of the most powerful states of which that commonwealth is composed. There are every where to be seen the most unequivocal symptoms of that struggle of opinion and principle which has evidently begun in every kingdom of Europe: "and which, however, its progress may be disguised, or its crisis delayed by the varying circumstances of each particular state, menaces in all a consummation which it is in the nature of things should ultimately take place."

"Our generation," says he, "will not see it, nor probably the next; its approach, however, is not therefore the less actual: and not a day passes over us that does not insensibly add its co-operation to the accomplishment of this mighty catastrophe. In the cursory review of our labours, in which we sometimes indulge in these prefatory remarks, we have more than once alluded to this aspect of modern politics; and we recur to it again, because it is the consideration that most powerfully forces itself upon the mind, in the contemplation of every portion of our contemporary history. And it is this circumstance that gives to that history a distinctive character; imparting even to its subordinate details, a kind of interest, which, in the eyes of the reflecting reader, is hardly possessed by all the court favour and ministerial ascendency, or even the vicissitudes of dynasty and conquest with which the history of former times is almost exclusively occupied."

We cannot refrain from participating in these thoughts and forebodings. There is, assuredly, a spirit at work in many parts of Europe which will not rest satisfied without effecting very material innovations both in politics and religion. Public opinion is every where acquiring a most gigantic strength: and if rulers have not wisdom enough to direct its energies and in some degree to concede to its claims, it will be sure to unsettle the foundations even of some of those institutions which seem to have the firmest hold of our habits and principles. The only chance of safety, or at least of avoiding the severity of the shock which would not fail to result from the collision of two such antagonist forces as appear to be marshalling against each other, is afforded by the hope that government will maintain an equal progress with the great body of the people, in the advancement of knowledge and liberal ideas, and thereby find themselves able to yield where resistance would be wrong, and to resist where concession would be dangerous. If knowledge be power, the most valuable exercise of it consists in discovering the weak parts of ancient systems, and in accommodating them to the inevitable changes of society and the demands of more enlightened times. The want of this knowledge brought

Charles the First to the block: whilst, to the seasonable application of it may be ascribed some of the most successful adventures which have distinguished the politics of Europe since the era of the Reformation.

But it is our duty to give some account of this volume, and not to speculate on political contingencies. We have to observe then, in the first place, that the abstract which is here given of the national business during the year 1822, is extremely well drawn up. The agricultural question was the most important of those domestic interests that occupied the attention of parliament at the period now stated; and its merits are well appreciated by the Editor, and the views of both sides of the house candidly recorded. That the pressure complained of by farmers and landlords arose from an excess of production, admits no longer of the smallest doubt; and that this excess was occasioned by a succession of good seasons backed by improved methods of managing the soil, is equally obvious to every reflecting observer whether of rural or mercantile affairs.

In general, indeed, the "History of Europe" is most judiciously compiled: supplying at once the best materials for the future historian, and condensing, for the convenience of the modern reader, a mass of valuable information which he would in vain look for in any other species of literary work.

The "Chronicle" contains the usual abridgment of occurrences and accidents, which supplies to every reader a fund of entertainment, more amusing than a novel, and more instructive than the most brilliant effort of imagination. His Majesty's visit to Scotland occupies a considerable number of its pages; presenting in colours of the most pleasing description, the leading events of that royal excursion, so dear to the remembrance of our fellow-subjects in the north.

The "State Papers" are a most important addition to the value of the Register. In truth, they constitute the only unequivocal commentary on the motives of the European governments, and afford a key whereby to gain an accurate and consistent view at once of their actions and intentions.

The Literary and Philosophical departments are as complete as the object of such a compilation will admit. Amusement and instruction are so skilfully combined, that each promotes the furtherance of the other; with the exception of those extracts from St. Helena novels which profess to give the Memorabilia of Bonaparte, but which have always appeared to us more remotely allied to facts than the Tales of my Landlord, or the exploits of Quenten Durward.

As a specimen of the manner and style in which this

volume of the Annual Register is brought forward, we shall transcribe a paragraph or two from the first chapter of the History of Europe, in which is given a "general view of the state of domestic politics at the commencement of the year."

"If public considerations alone influenced the votes of members in the House of Commons, ministers perhaps would never have had less ground of apprehension in meeting Parliament than in the present instance. Aware, however, that other views and motives are apt to interfere in the decision of these matters, they conceived it prudent to strengthen themselves as a party by all the means which circumstances allowed to them. Mr. Peel was associated to the cabinet as Secretary of State for the Home Department: Lord Sidmouth being induced by the state of his health to retire from the active duties of office, though he still retained his seat in the cabinet. There is, perhaps, no public man of the present day who has acquired so considerable a portion of public confidence and esteem as Mr. Peel, and his acceptance of office was generally considered to confer a very important accession of character and talent upon administration. His conduct hitherto has been marked by that frankness and manliness of tone and consistency of principle, which, taken together, constitute both the best and the most popular qualifications for an English statesman. It is these, principally, which have gained him the ear of the House of Commons; for though his sentiments are always those of a man of sense and sound judgment, and his language is that of a scholar, yet as an orator, he is not fluent, nor can his speeches be said to betray much brilliancy of imagination, nor perhaps much extraordinary superiority of intellect, distinctively so called; two qualities, the want of which, would stand more in his way as a speaker than as a statesman.

"What we have here said of Mr. Peel, by something of the association of contrast, reminds us of another distinguished character of the present day, who, it was hoped, would be again induced to resume a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Canning may, in some respect, be said to be illustrative of the fact, how important it is for a public man in this country, that his conduct should be marked by a certain character of openness and simplicity, which may, in all cases, enable the plain, straight-forward, and not very refining people of England, perfectly to understand and sympathize with his motives. We are persuaded that Mr. Canning is, personally, as honourable and disinterested as any public man of the present day; he has been, too, perfectly consistent in his opinions and principles throughout; and, we think, has grounded his claim to these praises, by occasional sacrifices as meritorious as any which the most Roman of his contemporaries can boast of. Yet certain it is that he has by no means acquired the confidence of the country on some of those points at all in proportion to what we believe to be his real claims for it; and the unfavourable impression which exists is, we think, exclusively attributable to the cir-

cumstance, that, on more than one occasion of his public life, his deportment has been wanting in that frankness and directness of proceeding, which alone can leave no room for the malice of party to suggest the operation of any equivocal motive.—Whatever injustice has been done to Mr. Canning in these respects, he has had a full measure of credit on the score of ability and talent. He was allowed by all parties, to be at this time the best speaker in the House of Commons; and it was a subject of some curiosity to know how this talent which could not be expected to lie idle, would be disposed of in the future arrangements of the administration. We have spoken in our last volume, of the circumstances which we supposed to have opposed his resumption of a seat in the cabinet; and it was at length announced that he was about to succeed the Marquess of Hastings in the supreme government of our Indian possessions. This certainly did not appear to be the most appropriate destination of Mr. Canning's powers; and it is probable that the single inducement for its selection was the circumstance that it is the only office, not of the cabinet, that he could with honour or credit condescend to accept. His approaching departure seemed to be contemplated by people in general, less with any apprehension of material inconvenience to the public arising from the want of his counsels as a statesman, than with regret for the loss of those delightful flashes of eloquence and pleasantry with which he, and we might almost say he alone, was accustomed to relieve the dryness of our parliamentary discussions."

Upon the whole, we are perfectly satisfied that this volume is equal to any of those which have preceded it in point of good principle, impartial judgment, and careful compilation. It contains a magazine of the most important information, digested with the utmost regard to perspicuity and intelligence, and produced without any reference to party interests or temporary feelings. Its greatest merit consists in its being a book for all classes and orders of politicians, and in its having no cause to support but that of truth, honour, and integrity. It propounds itself to all generations, and looks for support and approbation, rather to the future than to the present. We know no record of passing events that we should so much like to be put into the hands of our children, and by which we should like our friends to be weighed, even our enemies being judges.

ART. IV. *Morning Thoughts in Prose and Verse on single Verses in the successive Chapters in the Gospel of St. Matthew. By a Country Clergyman.* 12mo. 108 pp. 3*s*. Hatchard. 1824.

IF the "Country Clergyman" who penned this volume "be as much in love as his rhymes speak," then, to con-

tinue in the words which the Bard of Avon uses elsewhere, "Reason and Love keep little company together now-a-days." What! shall not a plain Parish Priest turn his "Morning Thoughts" to the solemn truths of Religion, without at the same time tacking on sickly sonnets to the tail of his meditations? Must he sing as well as say his beats of divinity? And cannot he preach without also

"Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love?"

O thou omnipotent Cupid! "that in some respects makest a beast a man, in some other a man a beast," canst thou not confine thy vagaries to some plumpy and purple-lighted youth among our laity, but must thou turn out a middle-aged parson also, in wanton masquerade, to catch butterflies and play fooleries among flowers, till his hot blood, and hot thoughts, and hot words, almost set fire to his cassock.

It was in the early hours of some winter mornings, in 1822-3, (we should rather have supposed it to have been in the following May,) that "particular circumstances" induced a Country Clergyman contrary to his usual habit, as these words seem to imply, to read the New Testament; and, from an uncomfortable fidgettiness of constitution, finding it difficult to fix his thoughts upon the subjects therein delivered, he determined to commit to paper his observations, as they arose in his mind. The next very natural step was to believe that what he wrote was worth printing; and thus far many an honest, simple hearted, village divine has trod in company with him; to the waste of nobody's time but his own, and to the injury of no interests but those of his publisher—if his evil stars should happen to provide him with one. Not content, however, with dilating the Gospels into maudlin prose, and tricking out the Evangelists in flaunting and meritricious finery, he went on to fancy that his daily meditations would be much improved, if he fastened rhymes to them as rudders.

"But, having sought in vain for verses touching on the various topics of the successive commentaries, which altogether met his wishes, he has been compelled, *with the assistance of a Friend*, to compose for himself what he could not obtain from others. If that Friend had found the opportunity of contributing more largely to this little collection of verses, the apology would be less necessary for the manner of their execution, which the Author now feels it incumbent on him to offer. Should the readers of this work feel any curiosity to determine to which of the two writers the various copies of verses are to be ascribed, they will not err in setting down all which have any real merit to the Friend to whom the Author has referred, and the rest to the Author himself." P. vi.

Alas!

"Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Unless his ink were tempered with love's sighs."

No sooner does this grave, well-meaning and orderly gentleman get astride on Pegasus, than all those prankish and amorous propensities of his youth, which he has so long (and we doubt not, so successfully) schooled himself to mortify and suppress, ooze from his heart and liver, flow down the taper canals of his fingers, and burst out through his grey goose quill, till they deluge the unstained and virgin foolscap which he had dedicated to spiritual meditation. Nor is it otherwise with his sympathizing friend—*Arcades ambo*—they are both in the same tune, and keep jiggetting and curvetting together, all tenderness and dalliance, through more than a hundred duodecimo pages.

Who this friend is, though his name is concealed for very obvious reasons, we have a most shrewd suspicion. Poetry, like travelling and politics, brings a man acquainted with strange bedfellows; and if we are not deceived by a force of internal evidence, which indeed appears almost irresistible, it is not the first time that the author of the following lines has been guilty of "little sinnings in love."

"If her lamp, while she slumbers, begins to grow dim,
It is still so replenish'd with oil from above,
That the flame will revive which she hastens to trim,
And will light up her path to THE BANQUET OF LOVE." P. 95.

There can be no doubt of the subject matter of this stanza; the only wonder is "how the —— it got there?" It plainly relates to the hapless and over-inquisitive Psyche at the very moment of discovery; when the scalding drop is about to fall upon the bosom of her mysterious bridegroom—the theme of so many children of fancy, whether love-sick or sentimental, from the days of Apuleius to our own. Neither, Gentle Reader, can you doubt the identity of this Poet whom we here present to you, let him disguise himself as he may. Have you not already outrun our judgment, and "not without some choler" (as honest Stapleton expresses it) at finding Saul among the Prophets, have you not broken forth to yourself, in the words of Erasmus to the great (not the LITTLE) Sir Thomas, "*Aut tu* MORUS *es, aut nullus*?"

But *ecce iterum*.

"How cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this!

Will leave the sweet songs of the mansion above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!" P. 15.

And "here's another more potent than the first;"

"How sweet * * * * * * to repair
To the Garden where Mary delighted to rove;
To watch her wan cheek and her eye of despair,
To hear her low whisper of sorrow and love;
* * * * * * * *
Contented with Mary to sorrow below,
If with her we may * * * * * * * *" P. 108.

Now mark the perpetual burden of these Ballads.

"To the sight and the arms of," &c. P. 8.
"And lay me to rest in the arms of," &c. P. 15.
"But ascends &c. to sink in his arms." P. 57.
"And lay me to rest in their arms." P. 74.
"I long to be with thee in heaven." P. 88.
"Go bask in the beam of his smiles." P. 50.

And lastly, their powers of description,

"I have seen the young morn, as it shed its first ray,
Engage with the mists of the hill, as in fight;
Till, cloth'd in the far-piercing splendours of day,
It pour'd o'er the landscape a torrent of light." P. 57.

"The wand'ring moon, with feeble beam,
Plants her fair image on the stream;
Where the pale flower her seedling casts,
A kindred flower adorns the wastes." P. 65.

"Like the dew of the mountain it lay,
All sparkling and fresh on the ground;
Like the dew of the mountain it melted away,
And its place could no longer be found." P. 91.

We do not pretend exactly to adjust the claims of these two brother bards, who, like Bion and Moschus of old, stand cheek by jowl in one volume of amatory *minora;* but the strains of least Corybantian fury are most probably the right and property of the author of the Preface: who, to make amends for the greater lack of fire in his allotment of Poetry, sometimes runs out of breath and bursts almost into metre, when we least look for it, in his Prose. In this department also, we now and then fancy that we recognise a pen with which we are not unacquainted.

"This world is indeed, as far as the pursuits and habits of man are concerned, a world of shadows." P. 80.

Now we would wager our honesty as the stake, that the

hand which wrote these words was deeply dipped in the *World without Souls*; and if so, we are not far wrong in our distribution of the Parnassian laurels. Every body knows how much Poetry is to be found in *De Rancè*.

As to Doctrine, in the few droppings of it which are to be collected, it is just what might be expected.

"'A man's foes' may, even now, be sometimes found in the bosom of 'his own household.' The same beam from heaven which visits one part of a family may not reach another. Those linked to a sincere Christian by the bonds of nature, may, as in the case of our Lord, consider him as 'beside himself.' In this case, let the sacrifice cost what it will, it is essential, in a certain sense, to 'forsake' those who forsake Christ. We cannot adopt their principles; we cannot imitate their habits; and we may be called to separate from their society." P. 69.

This smacks strongly of the prying spirit of that school, the disciples of which, under the masque of religious zeal and affectionate remonstrance intrude upon the sacred privacy of the domestic hearth, promote separation instead of unity among those in one house, and canker the peace of families by setting up the intoxicated fancy of the children against the sober judgment of the parents.

"*Scire volunt secreta domûs atque inde timeri.*"

Again we are told that,

"In man, the creature who of all the works of the Lord has fallen the farthest from the perfection of his original nature." &c. P. 40.

Here we would ask the profound expositor whether the Devils are not among the works of the Lord? and if so, whether he holds that man has fallen farther than the Devils from the perfection of his original nature? Perhaps he would answer in the affirmative.

But enough of this: we did not expect to meet in these pages with much of a didactic character, and from the specimens which we have afforded, we shall not quarrel with the author of them because there is no more. Neither will we press too hardly upon that scholarship which permits itself to write "the Sea of Tiberius." P. 26. But we are threatened with three other volumes of *Morning Thoughts*; if they come, there is a proverb respecting δευτέραι φροντίδες which we sincerely trust will not lose its application. We are not, however, without hope that they may be stifled before their birth; for their appearance, we are told, is to depend upon the degree of public approbation which may be won by this, their

precursor. On the *public* opinion, we dare venture to pronounce boldly, but the opinion of a *party* may perhaps be accepted by the blindness of self-love for the opinion of the *public*. In quitting this volume, therefore, we would propose a single question to its author, with all good will, but with all earnestness and solemnity; and upon the return of a *conscientious* answer to it, we would rest our hope that the embryo mischief might even yet be suppressed. Is it consistent with the duties of a Christian minister to debauch the minds of the young, by introducing into that teaching the characteristics of which are simplicity and sobriety, inflammatory images and undefined language; which *may be* diverted to impure purposes, and applied with greater facility to an earthly than to a heavenly flame; which are not outdone in ambiguous fervor by the crazy aspirations of a Moravian Canticle; and which, after all, at the best, are but parodies of those *Melodies* so pregnant with meaning, which fashion permits to be trilled languidly and lusciously, by the lips of many who would blush if they were suspected of ability to explain the precise bearing and intelligence of words, respecting which they do not hesitate to express their general and most unqualified admiration?

ART. V. *The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Peace and Happiness, extracted from the Books of the New Testament ascribed to the Four Evangelists. To which are added, the first, second, and final Appeal to the Christian Public, in reply to the Observations of Dr. Marshman, of Serampore. By Rammohun Roy.* 8vo. 672 pp. 14*s*. Calcutta, printed; London, reprinted by the Unitarian Society. 1824.

THIS is a very curious and remarkable publication, and, if we are not mistaken, it is calculated to produce a very different effect from that which has led our English Unitarians to reprint it amongst us. Its author, Rammohun Roy, as is well known, is a learned Brahmin, who, like many of the ancient philosophers, not being satisfied with the popular idolatries of his countrymen, set his wits to work, to extract, out of the heterogeneous mass of Hindoo superstitions, a system of pure Theism; or, as it is now termed, Monotheism. He does not appear to have been very successful in these attempts to reform the opinions of his brethren; and we

imagine that he produced much about the same effect by his translation of "The Vedant" on the inhabitants of India, as was formerly produced on the slaves of Rome by the writings of Epictetus, or on its patricians by those of Antoninus.

Not being quite satisfied with the success arising out of these Monotheistic deductions from the Veda and the Vedant, this worthy Brahmin next turned his attention to the writers of the New Testament—from the perusal of which he asserts, that,

"In his long and uninterrupted researches into religious truth, he found the doctrines of Christ more conducive to moral principles, and better adapted for the use of rational beings, than any other which had come to his knowledge. The doctrine of the Trinity, however, which appeared to his mind quite as objectionable as the Polytheism of the Hindoos, presented an insuperable obstacle to his conversion to Christianity, as he found it professed by those with whom he conversed. But as the system so fully approved itself, in other respects, to his reason and his piety, his candour would not, on account of this single difficulty, allow him at once to reject it as false. As the most likely method of acquiring a correct knowledge of its doctrines, he determined upon a careful perusal of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures in their original languages. From this undertaking he arose with a firm persuasion, that the doctrine of the Trinity was not inculcated in them, and that the Christian religion was true and divine." Preface, p. xiii.

Having now commenced a Unitarian—no, we beg his pardon—an Arian Christian—he lost no time in presenting his countrymen with the fruits of his conversion. To this end he published the work which is the basis of the present article: "The precepts of Jesus," &c. This consists entirely of extracts from the four Evangelists; *i. e.* their moral sentences disjoined from their doctrinal sentiments. It is not surprising that such a publication attracted the notice of our Christian Missionaries; accordingly, it soon produced a controversy at Calcutta, just as would have happened in this quarter of the world.

We have no wish at all to enter into the particulars of this controversy. The publications of Dr. Marshman and his friends, have been reprinted, we believe, by the Baptist Society in this country—also, per contra, those of Rammohun Roy are now reprinted by the Unitarians. As members of the Church of England, we have no immediate concern with either of these parties, and we conceive that our neutrality in this respect, enables us to give a candid view of the general merits of the controversy.

Most of our readers are no doubt acquainted with the celebrated Epistle, which our English Unitarians, in the reign of Charles the Second, addressed to "his illustrious Excellency Ruzeth Ben Reneth, Ambassador of the mighty Emperor of Fez and Morrocco"—in which they say, that "God hath raised your Mahomet to defend the faith with a sword, as a scourge against the idolizing Christians"—and in which they openly prefer Mahometanism to orthodox Christianity. Now, we think it impossible to look into the present part which the Unitarians are playing at Calcutta, without being reminded of this celebrated Epistle. They republish the works of a Renegado Brahmin with the utmost joy and triumph, merely because he adopts their Unitarian interpretation of the Scriptures; as if there was any thing wonderful, that a philosophical Pagan should dislike the revealed doctrine of the Trinity, or as if their cause could gain any accession of authority from such an evidence.

Yet to such a pitch of debasement are they sunk as Christians, that they are obliged to make an apology for the comparative orthodoxy of their new associate. "They are aware that, holding as they do, the *strict and proper humanity* of Christ as one of their fundamental tenets, they may possibly be charged with a dereliction of principle in their circulating under their authority, a work which maintains his pre-existence and superangelic dignity." Preface, p. xiii.—Truly we pity the situation of "Thomas Rees, Secretary to the Unitarian Society," who signs this preface, and who is thus obliged to do obeisance to the faith of Rammohun. Yet this is the man who complains of being called a "*Socinian*;" but perhaps it is for the same reason, that the Brahmin would blush to be called a *Unitarian*.

Truly these are days when the Christian Church "is out of joint," or we could scarcely behold such wondrous spectacles. We are clearly of opinion, however, that their extravagance will prove their remedy. When madness has arisen to a certain pitch, it generally leads to sudden dissolution.

The first part of this work, as we have already remarked, consists of moral extracts, miscellaneously extracted from the four Evangelists, carefully avoiding any intermixture of doctrinal passages. We need not say, that the effect is dull and heavy in the extreme, and that it bears the same resemblance to the Gospels in their native form as a corpse bears to a living body; or, which is the same thing, as Unitarianism bears to orthodox Christianity.

Yet even with these mutilations, the language cannot be

quite brought down to a mere human level. Take the following passages—"I am the vine, my Father is the husbandman," &c.—"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you," &c.—"Herein is my Father glorified," &c. p. 97. Now, we say, that such passages scarcely convey any meaning if read on the Unitarian hypothesis, and that they can convey little or no definite sense to the readers of "The Precepts of Jesus." The same observation will hold good of numberless other passages.

The next Tract consists of "a Defence" of the former publications against the objections of "Christian Missionaries." It is not destitute of acuteness, but the most curious passage in it is the following, which we recommend to the serious attention of all subscribers to the Bible Society.

"The compiler, residing in the same spot where European missionary gentlemen and others for a period of upwards of twenty years have been, with a view to promote Christianity, distributing in vain amongst the natives numberless copies of the complete Bible, written in different languages, could not be altogether ignorant of the causes of their disappointment. He, however, never doubted their zeal for the promulgation of Christianity, nor the accuracy of their statement with regard to immense sums of money being annually expended in preparing vast numbers of copies of the Scriptures; but he has seen with regret, that they have completely counteracted their own benevolent efforts, by introducing all the dogmas and mysteries taught in Christian Churches to people by no means prepared to receive them; and that they have been so incautious and inconsiderate in their attempts to enlighten the natives of India, as to address their instructions to them in the same way as if they were reasoning with persons brought up in a Christian country, with those dogmatical notions imbibed from their infancy. The consequence has been, that the natives in general, instead of benefiting by the perusal of the Bible, copies of which they always receive gratuitously, exchange them very often for blank paper; and generally use several of the dogmatical terms in their native language as a mark of slight in an irreverent manner; the mention of which is repugnant to my feelings. Sabat, an eminently learned but grossly unprincipled Arab, whom our divines supposed that they had converted to Christianity, and whom they of course instructed in all the dogmas and doctrines, wrote a few years ago a treatise in Arabic against those very dogmas, and printed himself and published several hundred copies of this work. And another Moosulman, of the name of Ena'et Ahmud, a man of respectable family, who is still alive, speedily returned to Mohummudanism from Christianity, pleading that he had not been able to reconcile to his understanding certain dogmas which were imparted to him. It has been owing to their beginning with the introduc-

tion of mysterious dogmas, and of relations that at first sight appear incredible, that notwithstanding every exertion on the part of our divines, I am not aware that we can find a single respectable Moosulman or Hindoo, who were not in want of the common comforts of life, once glorified with the truth of Christianity, constantly adhering to it. Of the few hundred natives who have been nominally converted to Christianity, and who have been generally of the most ignorant class, there is ground to suspect that the greater number have been allured to change their faith by other attractions than by a conviction of the truth and reasonableness of those dogmas; as we find nearly all of them are employed or fed by their spiritual teachers, and in case of neglect are apt to manifest a rebellious spirit;—a circumstance which is well known to the compiler from several local facts, as well as from the following occurrence. About three years ago, the compiler, on his visit to an English gentleman, who is still residing in the vicinity of Calcutta, saw a great number of Christian converts with a petition, which they intended to present to the highest ecclesiastical authority, stating, that their teachers, through false promises of advancement, had induced them to give up their ancient religion. The compiler felt indignant at their presumption, and suggested to the gentleman, as a friend, the propriety of not countenancing a set of men who, from their own declaration, seemed so unprincipled. The missionaries themselves are as well aware as the compiler, that those very dogmas are the points which the people always select as the most proper for attack, both in their oral and written controversies with Christian teachers; all of which, if required, the compiler is prepared to prove by the most unquestionable testimony." P. 117.

This is followed by "a second Defence" against fresh attacks from the same quarter. It consists of a great number of misinterpretations of Scripture, which exhibit much about the same quantity of learning as may be found in the writings of Mr. Belsham. There is a curious admission, p. 203, that the sufferings of Jesus are unaccountable on any principle of human reasoning. The whole argument, if analyzed, is this—that no Hindoo can conscientiously prefer the doctrine of a Trinity to Hindooism, *ergo*, true Christianity is without this doctrine!

Whoever has looked into the writings of our English Unitarians must have been struck with their pretences to superior wisdom; but to moderate their arrogance, we beg them to turn to Rammohun's chapter on *the Atonement and the Impersonality of the Spirit*, in which they will find, that the same degrees of learning may be acquired without any assistance from Mr. Wellbeloved's Seminary at York. We need scarcely say, that the cloven foot is hardly concealed, and that a Brahmin who prates about the Council of Nice,

and Mr. Serle's "Horæ Solitariæ," cannot be quite unacquainted with some Unitarian Missionaries at Calcutta. We wish them joy of this compound of Mahometanism, Hindooism, and pseudo-Christianity.

We have now arrived at "the final Appeal in defence of the Precepts." It consists of an attempt to rebut the charge of vanity and presumption in affecting to understand the doctrines of Jesus better than the great majority of the Christian Church, and in a repetition of the former perversions of Scripture. Our readers will excuse us, we are sure, from detecting the falsity of chapters which attempt to shew that "attributes peculiar to God are never ascribed to Jesus," or that "Jesus was *like the sun*, an instrument in the hands of God," &c. The following passage, however, deserves insertion, as it testifies the good effects which have accrued to the natives from the English power in the East.

"I now conclude my Essay by offering up thanks to the Supreme Disposer of the events of this universe, for having unexpectedly delivered this country from the long-continued tyranny of its former rulers, and placed it under the government of the English,—a nation who not only are blessed with the enjoyment of civil and political liberty, but also interest themselves in promoting liberty and social happiness, as well as free inquiry into literary and religious subjects, among those nations to which their influence extends." P. 672.

We cannot finish our notice of this curious work without again remarking on the strange phenomena of beholding men who call themselves Christians taking part with a man who is evidently nothing more than a philosophical Deist. Rammohun Roy, disgusted with the gross idolatries and superstitions of his countrymen, was fascinated with the morality of the New Testament. For a while he read and believed in it like the great body of orthodox Christians, but in an evil hour he met with some member of the Unitarian Society at Calcutta. Then he soon found out the method to reconcile the four Evangelists with his love of Monotheism. Pleased with their new associate, the society encouraged him to print and publish, he supplying the Arabic, Sangscrit and Bengalee, and they helping him with the Improved Version, and with the works of Priestley, Belsham, &c. The result of this coalition is here presented to the public, and if it does not open the eyes of the blind to see the *real principles* of our English Unitarians, we shall beg the assistance of Prince Hohenlohe to help us in another article.

ART. VI. *Memoirs of his Serene Highness Antony-Philip d'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier, Prince of the Blood. Written by Himself. Translated from the French.* 8vo. 264 pp. 9*s*. Treuttell & Würtz. 1824.

LITTLE is to be said in praise of most of the narratives which have hitherto fallen from the pens of the Bourbons; but this before us, by one of the most gallant and amiable of their family, is an exception from the general bad taste by which they have been marked. The Duke of Montpensier, during a long residence in England, was respected and loved wherever he was known, and the account which is now published of his captivity at Marseilles, as recorded by himself, is by no means likely to diminish the regret which was universally felt for his early loss.

Antony-Philip d'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier, the second son of Louis Philip Joseph, Duke of Orleans, was born in 1775. In the early period of the Revolution, participating in the sentiments of his family, he entered as sub-lieutenant in the dragoon regiment of his brother, the Duke of Chartres, and distinguished himself under the command of Gen. Kellermann, at the battles of Valmy and Gemmappes. In the winter of 1792, he passed under the orders of the Duke of Biron; and here his eyes were first opened to the egregious error which had induced him to look for the establishment of rational liberty at the hands of the infuriate faction which was preparing to deluge France with her richest blood. The Duke of Biron was made the involuntary instrument of the young Prince's arrest by order of the Committee of Public Safety. The order was executed with all possible lenity; and by his permission, and through his advice, two letters were destroyed which might have been sufficient to ruin the prisoner before the Revolutionary tribunal. They were from the Duke of Chartres, expressing, in strong terms, his disapprobation of the turn which the cause in which they had blindly engaged, was taking, and his earnest wish to detach himself from it. A few minutes after these were burned, the Commissioners of the Convention arrived. They found nothing of the least importance in their prisoner's possession, but to all they found, even to blank writing paper, they affixed their seals.

The Duke of Biron was a man of loose principles and of profligate habits, closely connected with the still more profligate and unprincipled Duke of Orleans. They had both

espoused the same unnatural cause, and both, too late, discovered their error, and paid the same price for their weakness or wickedness. It is impossible to deny physical courage to the subject of the following anecdote; but if it is cited by the editor of these Memoirs, who subjoins it in a note, as a proof of any nobler quality, we solemnly enter our protest against his assertion. Struensee was no less distinguished for "adventurous gallantry and wit," as the varnish of worldly courtesy nicknames licentiousness, and abuse of talent. Struensee and Biron also both met death with apparently equal calmness; but how far more touching is the dignity of Christian repentance which marked the last moments of the one*, than the stony hardness which forbade the other to feel. We say nothing of the strange jumble in the following passage between the doctrines of the Porch and of the Garden, by both of which Biron is supposed to be animated at the same time, and of any difference between which, it is probable the annotator is wholly ignorant.

"Conveyed to the Conciergerie, he appeared, on the 31st of December 1793, before the revolutionary tribunal, by which he was immediately condemned to death. The duke of Biron heard the decree with *Stoical* calmness. On his return to prison, his philosophy resumed that character of *Epicurean* indifference which had accompanied his happier years; he ordered some oysters and white wine. The executioner entered as he was taking this last repast. 'My friend,' said Biron, 'I will attend you; but let me finish my oysters. You must require strength for the business you have to perform: you shall drink a glass of wine with me.' Biron filled a glass for the executioner, another for the turnkey, and one for himself; and went to the place of execution, where he met death with the courage that distinguished almost all the victims of that fearful period." P. 7.

Even after this arrest, the Duke of Montpensier might readily have escaped; for the sentry posted at his door knew not whom he was guarding—was unacquainted with the Prince's person—and was left, most probably, on purpose, without a countersign. At the age of seventeen and a half, it is no slight evidence of a noble and heroic disposition, that the Duke resolved not to profit by the opportunity thus offered to him. He felt that his escape would have compromised the peace and safety of those relatives whom he must leave

* See *the Conversion and Death of Count Struensee, with Notes, by the Rev. T. Rennell*; a volume which has powerfully arrested our attention, and which is admirably adapted as a manual for the Christian Minister, in his attendance upon the bed of sickness.

behind; and he surrendered all idea of flight. The Duke of Chartres, who had made his retreat good, was differently circumstanced. He had compromised himself by adopting the same expressions as Dumourier, and if he remained he could not doubt his fate. Against the Duke of Montpensier, on the other hand, not even an incautious word could be objected; and he was not yet aware that his birth alone would be considered a sufficient crime to bring him to the very verge of the scaffold.

An officer of Gendarmerie escorted him from Nice—at Brignoles a number of Jacobins stopped the carriage, and demanded a sight of their passports.

"The officer, who was a very brave man, and who on similar occasions had saved the lives of several persons, whom he was conducting to prison, answered firmly, that he was carrying despatches to the Covention, and none but enemies to the public weal would retard his progress. They cried, that they would see his orders, for they believed us to be aristocrats, in disguise. The officer whispered to me; 'If I show them my orders, you are a lost man; for when they know who you are, they will cut you to pieces; but don't be alarmed, they shall take my life before they have your's.' Then, addressing them, he said, that he could not entrust his papers, or what he had in charge, which was in the carriage, to any one; but if they would send the mayor, or the *procureur de la commune*, he would show them his orders. To this they consented grumblingly; and when the persons abovementioned came to the coach door, my brave guard (whose name was Pelissier) read his orders to them, arranging them in his own way; and then showing them the signatures of the commissioners of the Convention and the general-in-chief, he said: 'You see I am acting under proper authority, and that my mission is important; therefore let me not be detained any longer.' With this, ordering the postillion to go on, we departed, though the people continued to call after us, 'Stop! Stop!'" P. 10.

The danger was increased at Aix, where the officer was suspected to be an Aristocrat in disguise. Both himself and his charge were here forcibly detained as prisoners, and were exposed to the visits and the insults of a brutal mob of *Sans Culottes*. The authorities would not, however, dispose of them till they had consulted the administrators of the Department who were at Marseilles, and from these, in the end, they received an order for the transfer of the prisoners to that city. The Prince soon found that he was to be separated from his former escort; and was advised by his new conductor to walk rather than to enter Marseilles in their carriage, as the best means of escaping recognition by the immense croud,

which would be waiting his arrival. During his walk of eight leagues, the grenadiers who composed his guard, uttered the most ferocious and revolting expressions, purposely addressed to his hearing. "We have cut down the trunk indeed; but the business will be only half done unless we exterminate all the shoots, as otherwise the tree may sprout out again." On reaching Marseilles, an immense mob was collected to see the prisoner of State, who had been announced. Through this, protected, or rather made more conspicuous, by the assistance of the municipality, notwithstanding a violent pressure, and most threatening gestures, he reached the House of the Department, and was almost immediately conducted through several passages into a dungeon, about nine feet square, without any light but from a small grated air-hole looking into a gloomy court. On complaining of the insufferable stench of this cell, the jailor offered to burn a faggot; and having kindled this, he left the Prince alone.

"I was sitting by the fire, and abandoning myself to my melancholy reflections, when I heard a mournful voice behind me exclaim,—'They are going to burn me! They are going to burn me!' I turned round, and saw an old man, with a long grey beard, covered with rags, hastily ascending a little staircase, which the darkness had prevented my seeing, at the extremity of my dungeon. I knew not at first what to think of this apparition; but I afterwards imagined that he was some poor creature whose brain was turned by his imprisonment. However it might be, I was surprised and distressed at his appearance. When my jailor returned, I told him what had happened and interrogated him on the subject. He burst out into a laugh, and said, 'O, it is the old mayor of Salon; he is lodged over your head, and probably came down to warm himself. He has been here these two months; but he may act the madman as he pleases, he will not escape the guillotine!' In fact, the poor creature was dragged to it some time after, without any proof of his not being mad." P. 24.

The Duke's valet, Gamache, who had attended him from his infancy, had discovered his place of confinement, and, with that generous self-devotion which is so often called out by great misfortunes, he resolved to share his master's imprisonment. On the fourth day, not in consequence of the Duke's representation, but of those of the municipal officers, who were instructed to be constantly with him, relieving each other every twenty-four hours, and who complained bitterly of the noisomeness of their post, he was removed to a cleaner and more wholesome chamber: but even here three-fourths of the windows were walled up, and the remainder very closely grated. His greatest annoyance, however, was the presence

of the officers, who harassed him with questions, and two or three times every night held a lantern over his face, to ascertain whether he was asleep. Here he first learned the intelligence of his brother's escape. The Prince of Cobourg, to whose head quarters at Mons, the Duke de Chartres had fled, when he was informed of the decree for his arrest, conducted him to the Archduke Charles, who offered him the rank of lieutenant-general in the Austrian service. But he refused to bear arms against even revolutionary France, and accepted only a passport for Swisserland. His subsequent adventures in the Alps, until, at length, he found an asylum within the walls of a College, in which he was admitted as a Professor without being known, were of the most romantic cast.

On the thirteenth night after his arrival at Marseilles, the Duke of Montpensier was abruptly awakened, and ordered to dress himself immediately. Without knowing whither he was about to be conveyed, nor for what purpose, he was hurried to the fortress of *Notre-Dame de la Garde*, and there he was soon joined by his father, (Egalitè), his younger brother, (Count Beaujolais), his aunt, (the Duchess of Bourbon, mother of the Duke d'Enghien), and the Prince of Conti. For the four first days, the two sons and the father occupied the same apartment; afterwards their intercourse was prohibited; the Duke of Montpensier was removed to a separate chamber, and only permitted to take his meals with his relatives. If they met during their hours of exercise, they were not allowed to converse, nor even to stop as they passed; and the vexatious insolence of brief authority was frequently exercised by preventing them from eating together, notwithstanding the permission which had been granted; by interrupting the comfort of these short seasons of meeting by stationing national guards, with their muskets, at the table; and by perpetually ordering them to return to their chambers.

In a few days they were separately examined before the Tribunal. The Duchess of Bourbon and the Prince of Conti first, the Duke of Orleans and Count Beaujolais next; and the latter, although only thirteen and a half years' old, occupied the stool on which the prisoner under interrogatory was placed, for a considerable time.

"At length my turn came. The tribunal sat in a church. Its members were dressed in black, with a Henry IV.'s hat, ornamented with black plumes on the head, and a tri-co'oured riband passing round the neck and crossed on the bosom. They were seated round a table, and looked extremely grave. They kept me on the stool about an hour and a quarter. At every question, the public accuser, one G*** (who afterwards caused so much blood to be

shed at Marseilles,) stood up, and said aloud, in a pedantic and pompous tone,—'I desire the president of the criminal tribunal to ask the prisoner,' &c. and he always endeavoured to puzzle me, so as to make me contradict myself. I was by no means intimidated, but excessively provoked. Among other things he said to me,—'You must have been acquainted with the liberticide intentions of your brother since you were always with him; and you ought to know, that your failing to denounce him was rendering yourself his accomplice!' I answered, that I had never any knowledge of his intention to quit France; and could assert, with truth, that the news of it had given me the greatest astonishment.—'You left your brother then, only to come, in concert with him, to betray the republic in the south, while he was betraying it in the north!' —'This question appears to me of a kind that it is impossible for me to answer. You will permit me, therefore, citizen, merely to observe to you, that if I had betrayed, or intended to betray, the republic, I certainly should not be now before your tribunal.'" P. 48.

"A few hours after, we witnessed a scene by no means calculated to raise our spirits. One of the administrators on guard, uneasy at some denunciation just lodged against him, or perhaps tired of his life, conceived the design of putting an end to it, and chose for its execution, the fortress where we were confined. The report of the pistol that terminated his life, and was discharged very near us, was immediately followed by shouts of 'Guards! guards! an administrator has just been assassinated!' We were immediately shut up very abruptly. At length, at the expiration of half an hour, we were informed that we might take a walk in the fortress as before, and that *the deceased administrator had committed suicide.*" P. 50.

Soon afterwards the prisoners, under an escort of five hundred men, were removed to the fortress of St. John. Here, in the upper part of a gloomy tower, were enclosed the Duke of Orleans and Count Beaujolais, below in a still more wretched dungeon, the Duke of Montpensier was left alone, till he was again joined by the faithful Gamache. This excellent and kind-hearted domestic only left his master's cell to accompany the Duke of Orleans, some months after, on his way to Paris and the scaffold. He is still living, and to be found in Paris, as keeper of the gardens of Mousseaux. The Duke of Montpensier's cell was dimly lighted through strong-grated air-holes. The walls and vault were completely black, and the former had several heavy iron rings let into the stone work. The stench and heat was oppressive in the extreme; for it was summer; and the sewers of the prison adjoined this pestiferous chamber. The Duke and Gamache frequently passed the day in their shirts, notwithstanding the dampness

to which they were exposed; and as a remedy against the foulness of the air, they burned sugar. After the first day the Duke was prohibited from seeing his father; and although the one apartment was immediately under the other, three months passed without an interview. Their knives, razors, scissors, and penknives, were taken away, and, on one occasion, the meat with which they were provided being left uncut, they were obliged to tear it for their supper.

"My father, having ineffectually asked permission on his own account to take the air, were it only at the gate of the tower, now solicited it for Beaujolais, whose health began to suffer from such close confinement; and his tender years obviating every pretext for denial, it was granted, on condition, however, that one of the administrators should keep him constantly in sight. In the course of the day he was sent for, and suffered to remain in the open air for two or three hours, and then remanded to his dungeon. He often earnestly begged to be allowed to come and see me; but his request was constantly refused. His cell being above mine, he was obliged to pass my door in his way out, and he never failed to call to me 'Good day, Montpensier! how are you?' It is impossible to describe the effect his voice had upon me, or the distress I felt when a day passed without my hearing it; for he was sometimes actually forbidden to utter these few words, and was always hurried by so quickly, that he had scarcely time to hear my answer. Once, however, that he had been permitted to remain till my dinner was brought, he crept so close to the heels of the bearer of the basket, that, in spite of the administrators, who tried to hold him back, he darted into my cell, and embraced me. It was six weeks since I had seen him—six wretched weeks! The moment was precious; but, ah! how short! He was torn from me forthwith, with threats of being no more allowed to go out, should the same scene be repeated. Is such barbarity credible? For what grounds, what possible excuse could they offer for preventing two brothers, the one but thirteen and a half, and the other not eighteen years of age, from enjoying the consolation of a moment's interview before witnesses? Nor was I myself any more permitted, when my door opened, to go near enough to catch the breeze which passed through the miserable narrow staircase. One morning only, when my breakfast was brought, I was allowed to remain for an instant at the threshold. While I stood there, how my heart yearned as I heard my father's voice for the first time after so long a period! He was only separated from the staircase by an iron grating; but there was a sentry who could observe his motions, and accost him when he chose. To this grating, the municipal officers and administrators let their friends come to satisfy their curiosity; and the advantage of being able to breathe a little more freely was, in my opinion, dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. A similar privilege had been offered to me, of

a grating in place of my massy door; but I declined it; nor could I conceive how my unhappy father could prefer the inconveniences I have mentioned to seclusion by a bolted door. But these had no effect upon him; he even liked to see many faces, be they who they might; and he was pleased to have some one now and then to whom he could speak. At the time I allude to, I heard him ask the sentry what o'clock it was; and I hastened to call out 'Nine—good day, my dear father!—how do you find yourself?'—'Ah! Montpensier!' replied he, 'how happy I am to hear your voice! My health is none of the best, my poor child; but if I could see you it would do me much good.' I then heard him ask leave to see me for a moment; but it was refused, and the door was immediately shut." P. 78.

Beaujolais at length, through the unexpected kindness of one of his attendants, was permitted to pass two hours with his brother, and the visit was renewed almost without intermission, every day for three weeks. At the close of August, Marseilles, after a slight resistance, fell into the power of Carteaux, who established a sort of military government. In the confusion resulting from his entry, the Duke of Montpensier, in spite of the vigilance of his sentries, obtained a short stolen interview with his father, and a more free intercourse was soon established by the connivance of the new garrison. Beaujolais was allowed to take exercise in the open air, and an officer, kinder than his brethren, at last removed the prohibition from the two other prisoners.

"It is impossible for any one who has not felt it, to form an idea of the dizziness occasioned by the broad day-light, after having been long deprived of it, and by suddenly breathing the pure air. I was at first so overcome, that it was several minutes before I could walk. After this dizziness, a kind of drunkenness came over me that made me stagger, and I experienced at the same time a humming in my ears that utterly prevented my hearing a word that was said. It was more than a quarter of an hour before I was capable of enjoying the blessing that had been granted me. Our promenade was on a little terrace adjoining the tower in which we were confined. We were left there an hour and a half, and when night approached were conducted back to our cells. The next and following days we were allowed the same indulgence. Some officers, however, either from bad-heartedness, or the fear of committing themselves, refused it; but this rarely happened; and when it did, a few bottles of wine, and some pipes of good tobacco, induced the sergeants to take it upon themselves, to allow us a short visit to the terrace." P. 98.

In October, Egalitè was summoned to Paris, and the fol-

lowing account of his treatment after his arrival is extracted by the editor of this volume from *Memoires du Temps de la Revolution Française.*

"The duke of Orleans arrived at Paris in the night between the 5th and 6th of November, and was taken directly to the Conciergerie, where he was informed that he must appear the next day before the tribunal. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the decree of accusation upon which he was to be tried. How great was his astonishment, when he found that it was, word for word, the same as the decree which had been drawn up against the Girondins, and upon which they had been condemned and executed a week before. Pains had not been taken to make a separate one, that it might at least appear applicable to the Duke's case. Among the leading charges, was one aimed at the deputy Carra, who was reproached, but very unjustly, with wishing to place the duke of York on the throne of France. When the duke of Orleans heard this article read, he said, drily, 'Really, this has the air of a joke!' Summoned by the tribunal to declare what answer he had to make to the charges against him, he merely remarked, that they destroyed themselves, and could have no application to him, since it was well known that he had always been in opposition to the system and measures of the party he was accused of favoring. Nevertheless, the tribunal having gone through the case, and condemned him to death, without quitting their places, he heard his sentence without being for a moment disconcerted, and said, 'Since you were resolved I should perish, you ought at least to have found more plausible pretexts by which to accomplish your views; for you will never be able to make any one believe that you suppose me capable of the several things of which you have just declared me convicted; and especially you, sir (fixing his eyes on the foreman of the jury, Antonelle), who know me so well! Still,' continued he, 'since my fate is decided, I have only to request, that you will not suffer me to languish here till to-morrow, but order me instantly to be conducted to the place of execution.' This melancholy favour was readily granted. Crossing the square before the Palais Royal, the cart was stopped for a few moments, during which he turned his eyes with indifference to the front of his palace. Having reached the square of Louis XV. he ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and received the stroke of death on the 16th of Brumaire, year 8, (6th November, 1793,) at four in the afternoon." P. 113.

In the Duke of Montpensier, the regret which he strongly expresses for his father's bloody fate, is not only pardonable but praiseworthy: but there is no other pen which could record the last act of Egalitè's life without considering it as an inadequate atonement for his crimes.

The five months after the execution of their father were

passed in yet closer confinement, and more distressing privation; they were expressly forbidden to see any person from without, their maintenance was rated at twenty-four francs in assignats daily, then equivalent to no more than eight in silver, and of these,—*qui dispensat franget sibi*,—more than half was appropriated to himself by the villainy of the purveyor through whose hands they passed. 12,000 francs had been placed by the Duchess their mother, at their disposal, through a merchant of Marseilles; but this sum, although confided to the authorities of the district, did not reach its destination. Clothes were coarsely supplied them, and after many remonstrances they obtained the privilege of catering for themselves, and cooking in their cells.

In March, 1794, Maignet, a new representative arrived, in Marseilles, with the express intention, as was announced, of repairing the injustice of his predecessors. The Prince of Conti was now added to the two brothers, and the grotesqueness of his grief, in spite of the miseries which surrounded them, afforded some relief to the younger captives. The Prince of Conti retained the habits and the dress of the old Court; he was allowed the assistance of a valet, who regularly curled his hair in papillotes during the whole of his confinement; and an understanding not strong by nature, had been still more weakened by the frightful scenes through which he had passed: so that he was perpetually a victim to the idlest terrors, and saw an order for execution or assassination in every fresh change however unimportant.

They were now removed to much better apartments; but their pleasure at the transfer was much damped by the news which was ostentatiously forced on them of the execution of the Princess Elizabeth. The Prince of Conti, and not without reason at the time, read this as their own sentence. Beaujolais, he said, as too young for the scaffold, would be poisoned, or, (using the horrible jest of the capuchin Chabot on the murder of the Dauphin in the Temple) would be commended to the care of the apothecary; "you," continued he to the Duke of Montpensier, "should be nineteen in a month, but I prophecy that you will never arrive at that age; no, you will never be nineteen, I tell you so! you are lost! we are all lost beyond redemption!"

Every thing indeed appeared to portend this termination to their miseries. The news-papers with which they were furnished presented a catalogue of daily victims, most of them well known, and allied to them in close friendship. One night they passed in full belief that a decree had arrived sum-

moning them before the Commission at Orange, which would have been, in fact, only the preliminary to death; but in this instance the fears of the Prince of Conti had deceived him, for the order related not to themselves but to some prisoners lodged over them, who in reality were carried to Orange and thence to the scaffold. The jailors were officially instructed to close the little garden, which of late had been open to the prisoners, and to redouble their vigilance. The Duchess of Bourbon was denounced, confined *au secret*, and was daily expecting her trial. This gathering of the storm would no doubt have ended in that which their persecutors termed an explosion, if the fall of Robespierre (9th Thermidor, 27th July, 1794,) had not snatched them from their fate.

It was soon evident, even within the walls of their prison, that a great revulsion had taken place; the jacobins in their turn were hurried into dungeons, and the fortress of St. John was crowded with wretches who had long contributed to people its cells. The president of the tribunal at Marseilles, who had been distinguished for blood-thirstiness, in an attempt to escape over the roof of a house, fell, and broke his neck; his death did not immediately ensue, and he breathed his last in prison. Whether it was from the joy produced by these brightened prospects, or from natural caprice of temper, appears to be questionable, but the Prince of Conti about this time quarrelled with his fellow-prisoners, and during the remainder of their joint imprisonment, there was almost an entire suspension of intercourse between them. By dint of petitioning, the Duke of Montpensier at length shamed the authorities into the repayment of one-fourth of the 12,000 francs which had been entrusted to them; but these nominal 3,000 were depreciated to 600 only. Besides this unexpected gain they were now permitted to roam at liberty any where within the fortress; a privilege, the value of which can only be fully estimated by those who have endured eighteen months confinement. The Prince of Conti alone declined this freedom; such a favour, he remarked, wore a suspicious aspect.

A decree of the Convention was issued about this time, ordering the detention in prison of all members of the Bourbon family, as long as the general safety should require it. This edict darkened the hope which was beginning to dawn on the captives, and they listened to some faithless overtures which were made to assist their escape. The parties who volunteered their aid received the little sum which had just been recovered, and then treacherously decamped with it. This loss was in some measure atoned for by the farther pay-

ment of the balance of the 12000 francs, and some other small additions which reached them through various channels.

The ravages of the *children of the sun* had already commenced, and bands of young men whose relations had been sacrificed by the jacobins, revenged their deaths by deeds of equal horror and ferocity. Many prisoners on their way to the fortress of St. John were sabred under the eyes of its inmates, and daily threats of a general massacre in some measure prepared them for the frightful enormities which they were to witness on the 6th of June, 1795. About five in the afternoon of that day the garrison was called to arms, but it was too late to raise the draw-bridges. The sentinels were driven back and a crowd of people rudely armed, without uniforms, and most of them having their sleeves tucked above their elbows, rushed forward singing the well known revolutionary air *le reveil du peuple*, which had so often been the prelude to deeds of blood. The princes were clearly not the objects whom they sought; but the intoxication and fury of the assailants might lead them to mistake their victims. No time, therefore, was lost in barricading the door of their chamber with such furniture as first offered itself; and the preparations were scarcely finished before loud voices demanded that they should open and admit the assistant-commandant of the fort, who was dying; at the same time stating that they knew the persons within the cell, and would by no means harm them. On this assurance they unbarred the door, and ten or twelve young men, very well dressed, with their sleeves turned up, and sword in hand, bore in the officer. They asked the prisoners if they were not the Princes of Orleans, and on receiving an answer in the affimative, they promised their protection, and added that they were about to execute an act of justice. Having drunk some spirits they hastened away. The assistant, who had been frightened, but not wounded, soon recovered, and wished to go out, in order that by his presence he might check the outrages which he feared were intended, but he was prevented by two sentinels who were stationed at the door.

"At that moment, we heard the door of one of the cells in the second court broken in, and soon after dreadful cries, deep groans, and shouts of joy. The blood froze in our veins, and we kept the most profound silence. At the end of about twenty minutes, during which the butchery in that cell lasted, we heard the savage troop returning into the first court, of which one of our windows commanded a view: approaching it by an instinctive movement, which it is impossible to describe, we saw them trying to break in the door of the cell, No. 1, which was directly opposite our win-

dow, and in which there were about twenty prisoners. They had already murdered about twenty-five in the other cell. Those in No. 1, the door of which, fortunately for them, opened inwards, barricaded themselves so well, that after labouring ineffectually for more than a quarter of an hour to break it in, the massacrers, after firing a few pistol shots through the bars, abandoned it, but with the promise of returning as soon as they had despatched the others.

"About six o'clock, the commandant of the fortress was brought to us by two of these persons, who had only left him the sheath of his sword, and who shut him up with his assistant and us. He had presented himself at the drawbridge, which he had found raised, and not succeeding in getting it lowered, he had contrived to scale it by the ditch; but he had no sooner got into the fortress, than he was disarmed and brought to us. He swore, he stormed, he bit his fingers, and reproached his assistant for the paleness and fright which were visible on his countenance. We still heard the cries of the victims, and the pistol shots, and blows from the swords and clubs of the cut-throats. About seven o'clock we heard a cannon shot fired in the fortress, and we learned afterwards, that it had been discharged by the assassins against the cell No. 9, the prisoners in which, to the number of thirty and upwards, were blown to pieces and burnt; for, to make *the work* (to use their odious expression), go on quicker, they had actually set fire to the cell, after introducing a great quantity of straw through the air holes." P. 192.

Four hours passed before the massacre was stopped by the arrival of the representatives of the people; eighty persons had fallen in the carnage, in which, as is usual in all cases in which a rabble takes the law into its own hands, the innocent suffered indiscriminately with the guilty. Not one of the principal jacobins was killed, but an unhappy shoe-maker, who had been imprisoned solely for crying *vive le Roi*, met his death unwittingly. On the following day the fortress, strewed with bodies of the dead and dying, resembled a field of battle. Pools of blood were sprinkled in many parts of it, and an infectious stench arose from the cells which had been fired. Several of the victims survived three or four days, and horrible to relate, they received no surgical assistance which could relieve their torments. Among the prisoners confined at the time was an Englishman, supercargo of a merchant-vessel which had been taken by a privateer. He had been brought to the fortress only two days previous to the massacre; he spoke no French, and knowing neither the cause nor the authors of the bloody scene, he fancied that the mob consisted of jacobins who would infal-

libly put him to death on account of his country. The Princes who were good English scholars, succeeded in calming his fears, and afterwards assisted his escape.

In August, the Duchess of Bourbon and the Prince of Conti were set at liberty. The former retired to Spain; she returned to France at the restoration, and did not quit it during the 100 days. She died in 1822, in her 72nd year. The latter died at Barcelona, (to which place he first betook himself) in 1814, in his 80th year. The release of their fellow-prisoners appears to have roused the impatience of the young princes; and fearful lest their confinement should again become more rigorous, so as to prevent all hope of its termination, they determined upon escape. For this purpose, by the assistance of a trusty agent, they secured a passage in an Italian vessel, having procured passports under fictitious names, from a clerk of the Commune, who obtained a roguish livelihood by selling them in blank at two Louis each. By waiting till it was dark they were sure of passing the draw-bridge, nevertheless they provided themselves with a rope, by which, as a last resource, they might lower themselves from the window of their cell, which was washed by the sea. A person without the walls had been gained over to promise them a night's lodging. On the 18th of November, at a quarter past five, when it was quite dark, Comte Beaujolais, as was agreed, went out first. He passed the draw-bridge undiscovered, and in five minutes he was followed by the Duke of Montpensier, wrapped in his cloak, with his hat slouched over his face, having double locked the door of his chamber. He got by four sentinels unchallenged, and was already without the walls, when he was recognized by the commandant of the fortress, and remanded to his chamber. From the window of this, by the assistance of the maid-servant, he resolved to make a last desperate attempt.

"The poor woman then protested to me that she would not leave me; that her only anxiety was on my account; and that as I had determined to escape by the window, she would not go away until she saw me at the bottom. In consequence, after fastening the rope round a kind of large pin attached to the window, I recommended to the good Frances to take care it did not unfasten; and after expressing how much I felt at the proofs of attachment she showed me, I put my leg over the window, and committed myself to the fatal rope. Scarcely had I descended about half the distance, namely, thirty feet, when the rope broke, and I fell senseless; not, however, before I heard the good Frances exclaiming 'Ah! mother of God! he is killed! The poor child!' In fact, I lay like a dead person for more than a quarter of an hour.

When I opened my eyes, I was struck with the brightness of the moon, and found myself in the sea, up to my middle in water. I suffered very much in the loins, and in the right foot, which I thought I had merely sprained, thanks to the sand on which I had fallen. But after waiting some time for the boat which Beaujolais was to bring me, I resolved to cross the harbour by swimming, and then to proceed in the best way I could to the house of rendezvous, or to any other in which I might be in safety.*

"I then perceived by the excessive pain I felt, that I had broke my leg; and my strength failing me, I had the greatest difficulty in making five or six fathoms to get hold of the harbour chain, and rest myself on it. It was not yet shut, and I flattered myself, that before it was, some vessel would pass which would take me up. I had about thirty Louis with me in gold, which was the half we possessed, and Beaujolais had the other half. I was in hopes that a part of that sum, or, if necessary, the whole, would be sufficient to induce some boatman to take me up as he passed. But, no! during the two mortal hours that I remained upon the chain, seven boats passed, to each of which I made my melancholy supplications, accompanied with promises. 'Who art thou then?' said they to me, 'and what art thou doing there?' "I am dying; if you will only come and take me into your boat, you will not repent your trouble, and I will pay you handsomely for it.'—'Oh!' said they, 'we have not time!' then adding, 'It can only be some worthless fellow: for what can any honest man be doing there at this hour?' They continued rowing on. During this time, I suffered martyrdom, both physical and moral. The pain of my foot and loins had given me a violent fever, and a shivering which made my teeth chatter. I was besides up to my middle in water, and a bath of that kind in the middle of November completed my misery. Every time that I heard the noise of a boat, my hopes revived; but the shocking hard-heartedness of these men soon after replunged me into the most alarming despondency. At last, when I was beginning to lose all recollection, I heard an eighth boat approaching, when I summoned immediately all my remaining strength to address my prayer to those who were on board, and this time the answer was not so grating, without being altogether satisfactory. 'We cannot at present, for we must first go home; but we shall not be long, and will return again immediately!'—'Oh! my friends, make haste: for if you do not, you will come too late: I feel I am dying!' I had the greatest difficulty in articulating those few words, and fell afterwards into a complete swoon, from which I was relieved in a quarter of an hour's time, by the return of the boat, the men on board which lifted me up to put me into it. I was so stiff with the cold, and every part of my body

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"* I learned afterwards, that Beaujolais, not finding me arrive, would have immediately taken a boat to come in search of me; but, in spite of all his offers, he could not prevail on a single boatman to go out of the harbour at that hour."

felt so sore, that the operation was extremely painful. When I had got into the boat, they asked me who I was; I could scarcely stammer out a few words, but I made shift to make them understand, that as they appeared to me brave fellows, I had no doubt but their humanity would induce them to take me to the house I should name to them, without overwhelming me with questions, which I was not then in a state to answer; that in addition, I should pay them for their trouble in a way that would not make them repent it. The house I named was close at hand, and belonged to a very honest hair-dresser, named Maugin, in whom I had every confidence. One of these men immediately said, 'I know who you are; I recollected you immediately, from having frequently seen you in the fortress, when the national guard was on duty there; but I will take no advantage of you, and you may make yourself easy. I am a good royalist, and I will take you to Maugin, who is a friend of mine.' This assurance tranquillized me greatly; little did I expect what happened immediately after. As they were obliged, in landing me, to take the same precautions which had been necessary just before, to put me into the boat, it allowed time and opportunity to some idlers passing along the quay, to stop and satisfy their curiosity. 'So! here is a man wounded! Where have they brought him from? What could have put him into that state?' Several others assembled around them, and a crowd was collected in a moment. 'Oh! 'tis nothing at all,' said my protector; 'We have just found this man, who, from his apparent drunkenness, has been fighting with some one, and got wounded; we are taking him home.' At that moment one of the spectators approached, and after examining me very closely, called out, in his frightful language! 'Oh, b—t him! he is one of the Orleans'; I know him well: he must have been trying to mske his escape!' And immediately the guard was called, and a messenger dispatched to citizen Freron, to inform him of the capture that had been made, and to take his orders respecting me. During this time I was provisionally deposited at Maugin's, with four men of the national guard, and a sentinel at his door. I asked for a surgeon, for I was suffering martyrdom, and his assistance was indispensable to me. They brought me an old man in a fine *peruque*, who, after looking at my leg, said it was then too much inflamed to allow any thing to be done with it, and only ordered some cataplasms to be applied to it until next morning. The whole night I passed in the most frightful torture of mind and body. After fancying myself almost certain of recovering my liberty, of which I had been deprived for two years and a half, I found myself all at once fallen back (probably for ever) into the infernal talons of those whose inhuman dispositions I knew by experience; and which this attempt of mine would probably inflame more than ever. I knew not besides what had become of my brother; I was probably destined never to see him again, to be deprived of the cosolation of having him

for a companion; I was about to drag a solitary wretched existence, at the bottom of some dungeon, until the very moment when they would think it desirable to dispatch me! These reflections, and a thousand others of the same nature, coupled with the excessive pain my leg occasioned me, completed the anguish of my situation."

Under these tortures he was cruelly subjected to an interrogatory. In the morning his leg was set; and he learned the generous sacrifice of his own personal liberty which had been made by the noble-minded Beaujolais; who no sooner heard of his brother's misfortune and recapture, than he voluntarily surrendered himself, and returned to confinement in order that he might attend upon him. In the most excruciating agony the Duke of Montpensier was once more carried back to his prison, and such was the inhumanity of the commandant that he refused him a surgeon during the whole of the first night.

It was not until October, 1796, that the release of these Princes was permitted by the Directory; and it was then only obtained by a stipulation that the Duke of Orleans as well as themselves should embark for America. At the earnest request of his mother, he unhesitatingly consented to this hard measure. The Duchess had been unwearied in her endeavours to procure the freedom of her sons. Her own life had been wonderfully preserved during the reign of terror. In September, 1793, by virtue of a law concerning the suspected, she was committed to the Luxembourg. In June, 1794, Madame Elizabeth had mounted the scaffold, and the Duchess of Orleans was ordered to be transferred to the Conciergerie, the usual step preparatory to execution. The fidelity of an obscure individual, the keeper of the Luxembourg, (his name deserves record, it was Benoit) saved the Princess. He stated that she was too ill to be removed, and he refused to deliver her to the agents of the Committee of Public Safety. Her life was owing to this act of courage, but she was doomed to bitter humiliation; for in order to aggravate the bitterness of her confinement, a common prostitute was ordered to partake of her cell. The overthrow of the Terrorists restored her to partial liberty, and she then exerted herself unceasingly in behalf of her children.

The narrative terminates with the landing of the Duke of Montpensier in the United States. The generous demeanour of General Willot, who softened the rigour of the latter days of their confinement, and conducted the particulars of their release with singular delicacy, must not be forgotten. Little more is to be added to this history. Till the close of 1797

the three brothers continued to reside in America in comparative comfort: although even then, they who had been born the heirs of the richest house in Europe, were at one time unable, for want of money, to quit Philadelphia, in which the yellow fever was raging. In 1809 they determined to seek an asylum in England, and on their arrival, they fixed their principal residence at Twickenham. The Duke of Montpensier successfully turned his attention to painting, in which art he shewed considerable skill. Several of his works still exist, and some of them are records of his captivity. A pulmonary attack, of which he had long exhibited symptoms, terminated his existence in the year 1817, and his remains were consigned to Westminster Abbey. The Comte de Beaujolais died in the year following at Malta, of a similar complaint.

ART. VII. *Plan for the Establishment of a National Bank. By the late David Ricardo, Esq. M.P.* 8vo. 32 pp. 2*s.* 6*d.* Murray. 1824.

POSTHUMOUS publications are dangerous things. If the fame of the writer has been established during his life, that fame may be impaired by the appearance of an insignificant or imperfect work. And where literary merit has remained unknown until the claimant ceased to breathe, the chances are that he has not much to claim.

Mr. Ricardo is notoriously in the first of these situations, and we doubt whether he has escaped its perils. His character as a political economist stood higher than that of any contemporary. His theory, whether true or false, was making its way into general favour: and his practical suggestions were often adopted, always attended to and respected. It was natural that such a person should turn his mind to the important subject of Banking, and whatever his opinions might be, the public would listen to them with respect. But when those opinions were hastily thrown into the shape of a pamphlet, perused and partially objected to by a member of his family, and left by his sudden death in an unfinished state, we are not sure that it was prudent to communicate them to the public. The reader shall be introduced without further ceremony to the work, and enabled to judge for himself.

The loss sustained under the existing system is pointed out in the clearest manner.

"The public, or the government on behalf of the public, is indebted to the Bank in a sum of money larger than the whole amount of bank notes in circulation; for the government not only owes the Bank fifteen millions, its original capital, which is lent at three per cent. interest, but also many more millions, which are advanced on Exchequer bills, on half-pay and pension annuities, and on other securities. It is evident, therefore, that if the government itself were to be the sole issuer of paper money, instead of borrowing it of the Bank, the only difference would be with respect to the interest;—the Bank would no longer receive interest, and the government would no longer pay it: but all other classes in the community would be exactly in the same position in which they now stand. It is evident too, that there would be just as much money in circulation; for it could make no difference, in that respect, whether the sixteen millions of paper money now circulating in London, were issued by government, or by a banking corporation. The merchants could suffer no inconvenience from any want of facility in getting the usual advances made to them, in the way of discount, or in any other manner; for, first, the amount of those advances must essentially depend upon the amount of money in circulation, and that would be just the same as before: and, secondly, of the amount in circulation, the Bank would have precisely the same proportion, neither less nor more, to lend to the merchants." P. 2.

"It may however be said, that, if the Bank were deprived of that part of its business which consists in issuing paper money, it would have no motive to continue a joint stock company, and would agree on a dissolution of its partnership. I believe no such thing; it would still have profitable means of employing its own funds: but suppose I am wrong, and that the company were dissolved, what inconvenience would commerce sustain from it? If the joint stock of the company be managed by a few directors, chosen by the general body of proprietors; or if it be divided amongst the proprietors themselves, and each share be managed by the individual to whom it belongs, will that make any difference in its real amount, or in the efficacy with which it may be employed for commercial purposes? It is probable that in no case would it be managed by the individual proprietors, but that it would be collected in a mass or masses, and managed with much more economy and skill than it is now managed by the Bank. A great deal too much stress has always been laid on the benefits which commerce derives from the accommodation afforded to merchants by the Bank. I believe it to be quite insignificant compared with that which is afforded by the private funds of individuals. We know that at the present moment the advances by the Bank to merchants, on discount, are of a very trifling amount; and we have abundant evidence to prove, that at no time have they been great." P. 5.

"If the view which I have taken of this subject be a correct one, it appears that the commerce of the country would not be in the least impeded by depriving the Bank of England of the power of issuing paper money, provided an amount of such money, equal to the Bank circulation, was issued by government: and that the sole effect of depriving the Bank of this privilege, would be to transfer the profit which accrues from the interest of the money so issued from the Bank, to government." P. 10.

This is an outline of the inconvenience to be removed, and we believe that it is capable of being filled up in such a manner as will render it altogether unanswerable. That in the dealings between the Bank and the public, the former has been an immense gainer, and the latter a proportionate loser; is a proposition which it is hardly possible to dispute. Government *must* alter the terms of the bargain, and at no very distant day; but whether Mr. Ricardo's plan is the proper succedaneum, is a question upon which we entertain considerable doubts.

"I would propose, then, some such plan as the following, for the establishment of a National Bank.

"1. Five commissioners shall be appointed, in whom the full power of issuing all the paper money of the country shall be exclusively vested.

"2. On the expiration of the charter of the Bank of England, in 1833, the commissioners shall issue fifteen millions of paper money, the amount of the capital of the Bank, lent to government, with which that debt shall be discharged. From that time the annual interest of 3 per cent. shall cease and determine.

"3. On the same day, ten millions of paper money shall be employed by the commissioners in the following manner. With such parts of that sum as they may think expedient, they shall purchase gold bullion of the Bank, or of other persons; and with the remainder, within six months from the day above mentioned, they shall redeem a part of the government debt to the Bank, on exchequer bills. The exchequer bills, so redeemed, shall thereafter remain at the disposal of the commissioners.

"4. The Bank shall be obliged, with as little delay as convenient after the expiration of its charter, to redeem all its notes in circulation, by the payment of them in the new notes issued by government. It shall not pay them in gold, but shall be obliged to keep always a reserve of the new notes, equal in amount to its own notes, which may remain in circulation.

"5. The notes of the Bank of England shall be current for six months after the expiration of the Bank charter, after which they shall no longer be received by government in payment of the revenue.

"6. Within six months after the expiration of the Bank char-

ter, the notes of the country banks shall cease to circulate, and the different banks, which shall have issued them, shall be under the same obligation as the Bank of England to pay them in government notes. They shall have the privilege of paying their notes in gold coin, if they prefer so to do.

" 7. For the greater security of the holders of government notes, residing in the country, there shall be agents in the different towns, who shall be obliged, on demand, to verify the genuineness of the notes, by affixing their signatures to them, after which, such notes shall be exchangeable only in the district where they are so signed.

" 8. Notes issued in one district, or bearing the signature of an agent in one district, shall not be payable in any other; but on the deposit of any number of notes, in the office of the district where they were originally issued, or where they were signed, agreeably to the last regulation, a bill may be obtained, on any other district, payable in the notes of that district.

" 9. Notes issued in the country shall not be payable in coin in the country; but for such notes a bill may be obtained in London, which will be paid in coin, or in London notes, at the option of the party presenting the bill in London.

" 10. Any one depositing coin, or London notes, in the London office, may obtain a bill payable in the notes of any other district, to be named at the time of obtaining the bill. And any one depositing coin in the London office may obtain London notes to an equal amount.

" 11. The commissioners in London shall be obliged to buy any quantity of gold of standard fineness, and exceeding one hundred ounces in weight, that may be offered them, at a price not less than 3*l*. 17*s*. 6*d*. per oz.

" 12. From the moment of the establishment of the National Bank, the commissioners shall be obliged to pay their notes and bills, on demand, in gold coin.

" 13. Notes of one pound shall be issued at the first establishment of the National Bank, and shall be given to any one requiring them in exchange for notes of a larger amount, if the person presenting them prefer such notes to coin. This regulation to continue in force only for one year, as far as regards London, but to be a perminent one in all the country districts.

" 14. It must be well understood, that in country districts the agents will neither be liable to give notes for coin, nor coin for notes.

" 15. The commissioners shall act as the general banker to all the public departments, in the same manner as the Bank of England now acts; but they shall be precluded from fulfilling the same office, either to any corporation, or to any individual whatever." P. 15.

For one obvious defect in this scheme, namely, the difficulty which would be experienced in the country from the

notes of one district not being payable in another, Mr. Ricardo conceived that he could easily devise a remedy. Several equally obvious and more important objections have not been noticed.

Where, for instance, did Mr. Ricardo learn, that because his five Commissioners were not removeable by Government, they would therefore be exempt from political bias, and would never contract or increase their issues in order to assist or thwart the government of the day? Where again did he discover, that it is expedient to resume the circulation of one pound notes? How could the influence of the crown be more immeasurably augmented than by the appointment of country agents for the purposes specified in this plan? Unless one of them were placed in every market-town, the trade of the country would be impeded; and such an officer in every town, acquainted with the particulars of every tradesman's business, and regularly corresponding with the five immaculate Commissioners, would prove an intolerable nuisance.

These are a few of the obvious objections to a National Bank, and we apprehend it would be difficult to remove them. The principles of political economy, furnish others of an equally obstinate character.

If trade ought to be free, which Mr. Ricardo and his disciples affirm, the trade in money should be as unshackled as that in any other commodity, and the theoretical defect in the Bank of England, is its monopoly. To do away with this monopoly, to reinstate every individual within the metropolis as well as out of it, in his natural right of issuing what promissory notes he pleases, is an undertaking in which Mr. Ricardo might have been expected to embark, and in which, if he had proved unsuccessful, at least he would not have been inconsistent. But because he considered such a scheme impracticable, as we have no manner of doubt that it is, must we agree with him in wishing to extend the present system of restriction, and virtually turn the Government into an overwhelming Bank? What proof could Mr. Ricardo adduce of the evils of country notes, sufficient to authorize a prohibition of them? They circulate now, merely because the people prefer them to bank paper and to cash. While the Bank is compellable to pay in coin, there is no reason to fear an injurious over issue in the country; and if such a danger exists, it should be obviated by a milder treatment than the proposed National Bank and its branches. The explanation furnished in the remainder of the pamphlet, do not touch these fundamental objections; and in spite of the advantages which Mr. Ricardo promises, we consider these objections invincible.

"If the plan now proposed should be adopted, the country would, probably, on the most moderate computation, save 750,000*l.* per annum. Suppose the circulation of paper money to amount to twenty-five millions, and the Government deposits to four millions: these together make twenty-nine millions. On all this sum interest would be saved, with the exception of six millions, perhaps, which it might be thought necessary to retain as deposits, in gold coin and bullion; and which would consequently be unproductive. Reckoning interest then at three per cent. only, on twenty-three millions, the public would be gainers of 690,000*l.* To this must be added 248,000*l.* which is now paid for the management of the public debt; making together 938,000*l.* Now, supposing the expenses to amount to 188,000*l.*, there would remain for the public an annual saving or gain of 750,000*l.*" P. 29.

This statement suggests a simpler remedy than that which we are now considering. The great merit of the proposed National Bank, is its economy. Would it not be better to engraft that exotic virtue upon the present establishment in Threadneedle Street? An annual half million, or three quarters of a million, is a sum which the nation ought to save, if it can. By shewing that such saving is not absolutely impossible, Mr. Ricardo, "e'en in his ashes," has rendered good service. He would have been entitled to a double share of praise, if his genius had not wandered after an *ignis fatuus* of its own creation, but contented itself with shewing what the Bank ought to pay for its monopoly, its public balances, and its exemption from stamp duty upon its notes. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who shall calculate these sums, and act upon the calculation, will be worth a whole Lombard Street of National Banks.

ART. VIII. *The Works of the Rev. Daniel Waterland, D.D. &c. &c. collected and arranged in Eleven Volumes; to which is prefixed, a Review of the Author's Life and Writings. By W. Van Mildert, D.D. Lord Bishop of Llandaff.* 8vo. 4*l.* 16*s.* Clarendon Press. 1823.

FROM the title prefixed to this article, it will be readily understood, that we intend to confine our remarks to the biographical introduction prefixed, and which occupies the first volume of the work.

It has been often said, that the life of a student is one, which, of all others, affords the fewest materials and the least in-

teresting details for the pen of the biographer. Such is at least the impression very generally prevalent upon the minds of those whose pursuits are more connected with the busy world. They are apt to turn away, with an anticipation of weariness if not disgust, from the details of monotonous retirement, prolix literary discussions, and perhaps interminable hostilities of the *genus irritabile*. With still greater horror do they recoil from such productions, if the subject of them happen to be a religious writer, or above all, a controversialist, or a dignitary of the Church, they are then sure they can expect to be treated with nothing but a dull series of dates of promotions, and a prolix list of the various ecclesiastical dignities which were successively heaped upon the head of one who had earned them by his meritorious exertions, in defence of the system by which those dignities are supported; enlivened perhaps now and then with some choice specimen of controversial acuteness in dispute upon some unintelligible dogma, and plentifully seasoned with the bitterness and asperity proper to this class of worthies.

If such should chance to be the impression on the minds of any of our readers, on glancing their eye over the title prefixed to this article, we would beg them to pause and judge before they condemn unheard. We would ask them, whether there be any real value in a pure and uncorrupted Scriptural religion, and an apostolic Church Establishment? Whether any thing can tend more to dissipate prejudice and error, than the preservation of the truth free from pollution and contamination? Whether for the superior illumination which is the boast of the present age, we are not deeply indebted to those who have stood forward to ward off the attacks of enemies to pure and uncorrupt religion, who, widely different in their peculiar tenets, were yet equally distinguished by a blind and misguided zeal for trampling down all rational, moderate, and practical systems, and for establishing instead systems, which by going to one extreme or other, would infallibly tend to the destruction of every thing which went in the safe and moderate path between them. It surely then cannot be a subject altogether devoid of interest, to take a view of the life and labours of one who was eminently distinguished in the contest for truth. Nor need the reader be alarmed with any expectation of a mere dull detail, or of any specimens of bigotted and unchristian controversial asperity. The subject of the memoir before us, was a man of a very different stamp; and the narrative here given of his life and labours, is to us, at least we confess, one of more than ordinary interest.

With every student in sound divinity, and with every real friend to the pure doctrines of the Church of England, the name of Waterland must be held in the highest estimation: and no one in the least acquainted with the history of our Church during the period in which he lived, can feel otherwise than deeply interested in the records of his private pursuits and public labours; for all these were uniformly and consistently directed to the same great ends,—the defence and vindication of the truth, and the support of those sacred institutions established by the concentrated piety and wisdom of our reformers; and proved, by long experience, to be the most beneficial in their application and results, and indeed most essential to keeping up the genuine spirit of true religion among our countrymen.

The age in which he lived, was one in which the Church, having gone through the trials of external adversity, was still subjected to the perhaps more dangerous evils of internal dissension. He lived in an age when literary and theological research were carried to as great an extent as in any former; and when the taste for such pursuits was certainly much more generally diffused. In the theological disquisitions of the day, the labours of this distinguished man bore the most considerable share; and amidst the constellation of talent and acquirement which was then conspicuous in the English Church, he shone with no ordinary lustre: but it was not to that age alone, and to the question which then agitated the Church, that his celebrity or his utility were confined. His labours were of a nature far more valuable in their character, and more permanent in their results, than mere temporary productions however excellent.

In taking a leading part in the controversies of his time, he was in fact labouring in the cause of the orthodox belief, for the benefit of after ages. From his laborious and candid enquiries after truth, from his dispassionate and irrefragable confutations of error, not only was the immediate diffusion of heterodox opinions in his own age arrested, but the cause of the Church of England, and therein of genuine Christianity, was triumphantly supported, and its doctrine and discipline preserved pure to future times. His writings, though originally produced with reference to the specific purposes which the opinions and events of the day required, were in fact a κτημα ες αει to all true sons of our Apostolic Church.

The first section of the work before us, opens with a few short and pertinent reflections on the importance of Waterland's labours; and after passing a well-merited eulogium

on his acknowledged pre-eminence in the theological world, the Right Rev. Author proceeds very justly to remark,—

"Yet notwithstanding this strong impression in his favour, it is remarkable, that during the period of more than eighty years, elapsed since his decease, no entire collection of his writings has hitherto been made: and several of them have never been reprinted. The increasing avidity with which of late years they have been sought for, is a proof however that their intrinsic worth has obtained for them a more permanent character than usually belongs to polemical productions; and the scarcity of the far greater number of them, has been long a subject of general regret. No apology, therefore, appears to be necessary for calling the attention of the public to the revival of productions which can hardly but be acceptable to every theological student."

The rest of the introductory part is occupied by a detail of the various sources of information which the author and several of his friends examined with the greatest diligence: and we are happy to observe, that in several of the public depositaries of literature, many interesting documents were recovered which were hitherto unknown. Of all these, ample use is made in the subsequent narrative.

Dr. Daniel Waterland was born at Walesby, in Lincolnshire, of which place his father, Dr. Henry Waterland, was rector. He appears to have displayed great proficiency at a very early age; and his exercises at the grammar school at Lincoln, seem to have attracted much notice.

In his 16th year, he was admitted at Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he shortly obtained a Scholarship; took his A.B. degree in 1703, and was elected fellow of his college shortly after. He seems to have enjoyed considerable fame as tutor, and to have greatly raised the reputation of the College. He commenced M.A. in 1706, and in 1713, was appointed Master, and presented to the rectory of Ellingham in Norfolk. Contrary to usual practice he continued the office of tutor after this appointment, and as his whole time seems to have been devoted to these college duties, he with a highly creditable liberality, gave up nearly the whole revenue of his living to his curate. His tract, entitled "Advice to a Student," written while he was engaged in that service, though not published till many years afterwards, is a proof how diligently he applied himself to this laborious duty. It is evident however, even at this period, he must have been scarcely less indefatigable in the studies belonging to his sacred profession: and that he was then laying the ground-work of that splendid reputation, which classed him

among the most distinguished theologians of his time. In the immense application which he displayed at this particular period of life, he resembled, and has been resembled by, a number of equally distinguished men; as well as in the natural consequence of it, a serious impairment of health.

We will not follow him through the course of all his various academical pursuits and appointments. They are much of the same description as those to which all men of eminent talent are sure to find their way in our universities; and from which the future celebrity of the individual may be most confidently predicted.

We now come to the first occasion, on which the subject of the memoir before us, became distinguished as a divine. This was the act for his divinity degree in the year 1714. The disputation attracted great attention; and from the very conspicuous light in which it places both the intellectual attainments, and the theological learning of Dr. Waterland, we are induced to extract the passage at length, in which it is described, and which in the volume before us, occurs as a quotation from Mr. Seed.

"His first question was 'Whether Arian subscription was lawful?' a question worthy of him, who had the integrity to abhor, with a generous scorn, all prevarication, and the capacity to see through, and detect those evasive arts, by which some would palliate their disingenuity. When Dr. James, the Professor, had endeavoured to answer his thesis, and embarrass the question, with the dexterity of a person long practised in all the arts of a subtle disputant; he immediately replied in an extempore discourse of above half an hour long, with such an easy glow of proper and significant words, and such an undisturbed presence of mind, as if he had been reading, what he has since printed, 'The case of Arian subscription considered,' and the supplement to it. He unravelled the Professor's fallacies, reinforced his own reasonings, and shewed himself so perfect a master of the language, the subject, and himself, that all agreed no one ever appeared to greater advantage. There were several members of the University of Oxford present, who remember the great applauses he received and the uncommon satisfaction he gave. He was happy in a first opponent, one of the greatest ornaments of the Church, and finest writers of the age, who gave full play to his abilities, and called forth all that strength of reason of which he was master."

This opponent was Dr. Sherlock. It has been observed that, probably the account of this performance having reached Dr. Clarke's ears, gave occasion to his omitting, in the second edition of his Scripture doctrine of the Trinity, the passage

in the first edition, respecting subscription to the articles which had given offence.

In November 1715, Dr. Waterland came into office as Vice Chancellor. At this eventful period in our history, political animosity was at its height, and it required no little discretion, moderation and firmness, to conduct the affairs of the university at such a crisis. Dr. Waterland however, during a year of office, which appears to have been unusually occupied with active business, and on several occasions, in which all the animosity of party feeling was involved, displayed so much temper and good sense in moderating between the contending parties, as to have added in the opinion of all to his established fame as a theologian, an equal character for prudence, and the management of public business. It is not to be supposed from what we have here said, that he in any degree, compromised his political any more than his religious principles. He was in principle a Whig, a strenuous supporter of the Hanoverian succession, which was by no means the prevailing sentiment at that time in Cambridge. On more than one occasion his measures excited the animosity of the Tories, and in no instance more so, than in the proposal of an address of congratulation to the King on the suppression of the Rebellion. Against Dr. Bentley, who took a very active part in the support of that measure, the resentment of the Jacobite party knew no bounds. But though Dr. Waterland by no means escaped a share in their dislike, yet his great moderation and good temper, protected him against much of the obloquy and ill-will, which were so strongly shewn towards Bentley and others of the same party.

It seems to have been in some measure from the attachment which in all these affairs he manifested for the constitution, as well as to his other merits, that he soon after received the appointment of Chaplain in Ordinary to the King. His enemies of course accused him of interested motives in supporting those principles which he espoused; but a candid observer would readily acknowledge from his known character and disposition, that such accusations could not be founded on any thing like a solid base.

It was undoubtedly his sincere desire to uphold the public tranquillity against those, who, with whatever purity of intention were pursuing an object utterly unattainable, without the hazard of involving the nation again in civil war, and incurring evils of which none could calculate the extent, or foresee the termination. The operation of such evils upon the interests of religion and morals he earnestly deprecated,

and particularly as affecting the university. A passage so admirably expressive of his sentiments on this subject occurs in his thanksgiving sermon in 1716, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting it.

"As there are none more sensible of these things than ourselves, or more likely to suffer by them; so I beg leave to intimate how becoming and proper a part of our profession and business it is to do, what in us lies to prevent the growth and increase of them. While animosities prevail, arts and sciences will gradually decay and lose ground: not only as wanting suitable encouragement, but also as being deprived of that freedom, quiet and repose, which are necessary to raise and cherish them. As divisions increase, Christian charity will decline daily, till it becomes an empty name or an *idea* only. Discipline will of course slacken and hang loose, and the consequence of that must be a general dissoluteness and corruption of manners. Nor will the enemy be wanting to sow tares to corrupt our faith, as well as practice, and to introduce a general latitude of opinions. Arianism, Deism, Atheism, will insensibly steal upon us, while our heads and hearts run after politics and parties."

These remarks, made originally to apply to a particular state of things, are, we think, most excellent, as applying generally to the bitterness of party spirit, and pointing out the evils to which an indulgence in it naturally tends.

As the Right Rev. Author professedly designed the work as an account of the writings, as well as life of Dr. Waterland, he has, we think, very judiciously divided the main body of the narrative into separate sections, each comprising the outline of some of his works. And the direct thread of the biographical history being broken off at the end of the second section, is not resumed till towards the close of the volume. To enter into any detailed review of each of these sections, would far exceed our limits; though when we came to examine the concise and masterly analysis which each of them contains of some important publication or series of works of this eminent divine, we felt so strong an interest excited in the valuable productions thus brought under our notice, as to make it difficult to decide upon which to chuse for the better satisfaction of our readers.

Section 3, contains an account of Waterland's various controversial writings in vindication of the doctrine of the Trinity. It is perhaps upon these, that his reputation mainly rests; and the author of the biography has done them ample justice in a very copious and masterly analysis. The train of his arguments is exhibited in an unbroken view, and his

luminous and comprehensive arrangement displayed to its full effect.

Section 4, comprises a shorter account of the incidental controversies arising out of the former, and contains the review of several lesser publications, on points connected with the dispute against Socinians, in which the learning and zeal of Waterland are not less strikingly displayed than in his larger works.

In section 5, we find a full account of his various productions against the Deists, and in defence of revelation in general.

Section 6 describes the controversies in which Dr. W. was shortly after engaged, respecting the nature of the Eucharist; and which gave rise to one of his most justly celebrated treatises.

In section 7, we are presented with copious accounts of, and extracts from his various occasional sermons and archidiaconal charges. And if, in looking over the former articles, we have to acknowledge him as the most acute, candid and irrefragable of controversialists, we have in the section now before us, the perhaps greater satisfaction of seeing him equally great in the capacity of a public preacher and superintendant of the Christian flock. The nature of the Sacraments, and the authority of the Church, are among the most prominent subjects of discussion.

Section 8, contains an account of his various posthumous publications, among which are some of acknowledged excellence.

In the 9th section, the Bishop resumes the thread of his narrative, which had been interrupted in order to present a connected view of the literary and theological labours of this distinguished man. After briefly recapitulating the principal events before recorded, we find that the great and acknowledged merit of Dr. W. soon acquired for him extensive reputation and patronage. In 1721, soon after the publication of his sermons, at the Lady Moyer's lecture, he was presented by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to the rectory of St. Austin, and St. Faith, London; and became a valuable acquisition to a body of clergy, which at that time peculiarly adorned the city of London. Among them were many of considerable talents and reputation, and whose names have since shone with distinguished lustre. Hitherto we have seen Waterland making a conspicuous figure in the public affairs of the University, and in the polemical contest for the cause of truth and loyalty. We have now to view him in a different and perhaps more pleasing character; we have to follow him

from the study and the senate house, and the schools, into the retirements of pastoral labour, and to witness the same zeal, and the same talents devoted to the humbler, but not less important task, of superintending his parochial flock. It is to his diligence, in the discharge of these duties, that we owe those excellent sermons which were published after his decease. At the same time his literary pursuits suffered no interruption; and it was during this period that several of the important works before noticed, made their appearance.

Dr. W. did not long continue in his London benefice. Within two years he was promoted to the Chancellorship of the diocese of York, solely, as it appears, from the high estimation in which his public services were held. The next step in his promotion was a Canonry of Windsor, in 1727, which was followed, in 1730, by his presentation to the Vicarage of Twickenham; on which occasion he resigned St. Anstin's. In the same year he was collated to the Archdeaconry of Middlesex. This was the last piece of preferment he attained; and with these different appointments, it must be admitted, that he had now before him a wide and extensive sphere of action, with full scope for the exercise of his various attainments. His residence appears to have been pretty equally divided between Windsor, Twickenham, and Cambridge; and in each situation he doubtless found ample room for the exercise of those particular endowments, and the following up those particular pursuits, which would seem peculiarly connected with them. His pastoral duties, his religious and literary labours, and his active administration of academical discipline, were thus carried on with undiminished vigour, and for the exercise of all those faculties with which he was so highly gifted, full scope was afforded in one or other of these situations. Yet in the midst of these almost incessant avocations, we are assured by his personal friends (and his letters bear testimony to the same effect) that he was not of that morose and retired disposition, which many would consider necessary to the conscientious discharge of spiritual labours; and which unfortunately is too often generated by a life of study and abstraction: but on the contrary he kept up at all times habits of free and social intercourse with those about him, and especially with many excellent and valued friends who had the honor of his intimacy: he cultivated and improved his acquaintance with all around him: and found leisure to assist and encourage others in every laudable undertaking. In 1734, an additional honor awaited him, and of which he could not but be deeply sensible, he was chosen to be Pro-

locutor to the lower House of Convocation. This distinguished mark of the attachment of the clerical body, however, he was induced to decline, probably from his sedentary disposition and declining health.

From this period, his biographer observes, but few particulars occur in his history requiring especial notice: his pursuits, however, in each branch of his profession were still carried on to the benefit of the Church with undiminished ardour; and several of his most esteemed works were produced.

"But," observes the biographer, "we shall not form an adequate conception of our obligations to Dr. Waterland, if we limit them to those productions, however numerous and important, which he himself submitted to the public eye. The extent of his literary aid to others is known to have been very considerable. Dr. William Berriman, Dr. Felton, Dr. Trapp, Mr. Wheatley, and Mr. John Berriman, acknowledge great obligations to him in their discourses for the Lady Moyer's Lectures."

A number of instances are then brought forward (which we cannot now particularize) in which the extent and liberality of his assistance and advice are shewn in a manner the most creditable, both to his abilities and his benevolence.

The extensive good which Dr. Waterland was thus doing to the cause of true religion, both by his own labours, and his assistance to those of others, neither could, nor did pass unnoticed by those who had the disposal of the highest stations in the church. It appears undoubtedly to have been the intention to elevate him to the Episcopal bench. Mr. Seed says, "he might have been advanced much higher by the recommendation and interest of that very excellent prelate, who, in the opinion of every true friend to the Church, deservedly fills the highest station in it (Archbishop Potter.)" This is explained in the *Biographia Britannica*, to have been the actual offer of the bishopric of Llandaff, which, however, he declined accepting. The date of this offer is not mentioned; but, from collateral evidence, it must have been either in 1738 or 1740. His reasons for this "*Nolo Episcopi*," do not clearly appear. His health was certainly in a delicate state; and probably he contemplated such an elevation in the church, if not with apprehension of its difficulties and dangers, yet with a disinclination to relinquish the comparatively easy and tranquil enjoyments of literary labour; and perhaps, as his biographer observes,

"With that diffidence of his own powers which none but himself would have allowed to be well founded. Be that as it may, the

determination, however wise and prudent with regard to himself, could not but be felt by the real friends of the Church as a matter of deep regret. The accession of such a man to the episcopal bench, would, at any time, have been highly valuable; and more especially so, when many, even of the clergy of our Church, seemed disposed to halt between the different opinions which the spirit of controversy had spread among them; his advancement to the mitre at such a crisis might have done much to fix the wavering, to fortify the irresolute, and to uphold those who were disposed to adhere to their profession with a well regulated zeal."

We cannot omit quoting a brief note which occurs at the foot of the page from which the above extract is made, especially at a time when the subject of church *revenues* is so much canvassed:—it is as follows, speaking of his refusal of a bishoprick.

"Possibly also (if we may judge from a witticism related of him, respecting the scanty revenues of the see of Llandaff) *prudential* motives of another kind might have had their influence upon his decision."

His important labours, however, were not much longer to be continued to the church. From a letter of his from Cambridge, in July, 1740, he appears to have been quietly stationary there in the enjoyment of rational society and literary occupations: and particularly alludes to the death of a distinguished individual, Mr. Baker, upon which event he expresses himself in terms of condolence. From the cheerful tenor of this letter, his biographer observes, it could little be expected how soon the latter part of it would become applicable to himself. In the same month a complaint, which he had too long neglected, (a nail growing into the foot,) obliged him to call in the assistance of a Cambridge surgeon, from whom obtaining no relief, he removed to London, and placed himself under the care of Mr. Cheselden: but it seems to have been now too late: a bad habit of body, contracted by too intense application, rendered a recovery impossible: and after undergoing several painful operations, to which he submitted with the greatest fortitude and patience, a mortification came on, and he expired with truly Christian composure on the 23d of December in the same year, and consequently in the 57th of his age.

This great and good man was not without enemies, whom his zealous attachment to, and defence of, the cause of the Church, would naturally call forth. Among these none were more bitter than those of the Warburtonian school. Of the characteristic bitterness and animosity of that party, a strong

instance is afforded in a pitiful attempt to circulate an anecdote connected with the latter period of his life, which, whether true or false, would be altogether unworthy of notice, had not such men as Pope, Warburton, and Middleton, thought fit to magnify it into a matter of serious animadversion. The story is related with unfeeling levity, and in the coarsest terms, in one of Middleton's letters to Warburton only a fortnight after Waterland's death.

"The Church," says he, "has received a great loss by the death of Dr. W——d. I cannot say an irreparable one whilst C——n lives, to whom he has left some unfinished papers on *infant communion*, and *wisely* ordered all the rest to be burnt. He has bequeathed to the college such of his printed books as they find scribbled by his own hand, for such I hear is his own description of them. By the silence of the public papers upon the fall of so great a luminary, we are to expect, I imagine, in a proper time, some laboured panegyric from a masterly hand. Though the great *Hooker** seems to have exhausted himself in an effort of the last week, to do justice to the character of the excellent *Eusebius**, who is preparing to give the *coup de grace* to that subtle and ingenious but infamous writer, the *Moral Philosopher**. But as to W——d, whenever they think fit to oblige the public with his life, they will not forget one story, I hope, which is truly worthy of him, shews the real spirit of the man, and which I can venture to tell you on good authority.'

Then follows the story, which, divested of its grossness and a few *embellishments*, is simply this, that on his way to London, with Dr. Plumptre his physician, and Mr. Cheselden, Dr. W. found it necessary to send for an apothecary in a town through which he passed, for some medical assistance: the apothecary mistaking the name of Waterland, for Warburton, was overpowed with the supposed honour conferred upon him; and assured Dr. W's friends, that he was not a stranger to the merit and character of the Dr., but had read with much pleasure his ingenious book, the Divine Legation of Moses:—upon this blunder being communicated to Waterland, he was provoked by it to a violent passion, called the poor man ill names, and notwithstanding Dr. P's. endeavours to mitigate his displeasure, would not suffer him to administer the necessary aid. Middleton then adds, "with such wretched passions and prejudices did this poor man march to the grave; which might deserve to be laughed at rather than lamented, if we did not see what pernicious influence they had in the church, to defame and

* These were assumed names of periodical writers.

depress men of sense and virtue, who have had the courage to despise them." This anecdote appears to have been highly relished by Warburton and Pope. The latter of whom, thanks the former, for communicating "that very entertaining, and I think, instructive story of Dr. W., who was in this the image of ——————, who never admit of any remedy from the hand they dislike. But, I am sorry, he had so much of the modern Christian rancour; *as I believe he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of heaven is not for such.*"

This story is, itself, too trifling to deserve serious examination:—whether true or false, it can prove nothing from a few expressions, which, in a moment of pain and irritation, escaped the lips of a man, in every instance remarkable for mildness and benevolence. And that these were pre-eminently displayed as characteristic of his disposition, appears not only from the tenor of his life, but from the testimony of several persons whose intimacy with him gave them the best opportunity of judging. There are several extracts to this effect in the concluding part of the narrative; particularly one from Mr. Seed, who attended him constantly during his last illness. He was buried in St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

The Biographer terminates his history with a brief review of the various important affairs in which Dr. W. more or less took part. Some account is given of the distinguished individuals with whom he was intimate, and from the character and celebrity of these associates, the Bishop justly remarks: we might have inferred the excellence and attainments of Dr. W., the maxim "*noscitur a sociis,*" never could have been more honourably applied. And not only from the character of his friends, but from that of his opponents may a man be known, and his value and importance duly estimated. The antagonists with whom Dr. W. had to contend, were all men of the most brilliant talents, but who were all more or less, opposed to some leading doctrines of the orthodox faith, or to some point of church discipline. He was, however, both by friends and enemies, acknowledged as a man of no ordinary powers, and his fame was neither limited to the praises of one party or of his own country:—his reputation was as great among the Protestant divines of the Continent, as at home:—this is shown by many very flattering testimonials extracted from various foreign publications.

Amidst the various admirable observations which the Bishop of Llandaff makes in the volume before us, both on

the genius of Waterland's writings, and the subjects on which he wrote, there is one passage which has particularly struck us as worthy of the particular notice of our readers, as it bears a reference to that question so much agitated and so much misunderstood in the present day—the authority to be given to *reason* in matters of *revelation*; and with this extract we shall close our remarks.

"In his controversy with the Arians, these qualifications were put to a severe test. The perplexities to be unravelled were many and intricate; and his opponents were admirably skilled in rendering them more so. Though the appeal on their part, for determining the points in dispute, was professedly made to Scripture only, and the authority of the Fathers and of other Scripture interpreters, was treated as of little worth; yet difficulties purely of a *metaphysical* kind were continually suffered to prevail, to the rejection of the most simple and obvious meaning of Scripture no less than to the perversion of its primitive expositors. Through these labyrinths, Waterland guided himself with admirable caution. That he was no inconsiderable adept in metaphysical science is manifest. But he forebore to apply it, either in proof or in elucidation of the mysteries of revealed religion, farther than might shew its insufficiency to invalidate the truths of Holy Writ. He betrayed no fondness for abstract hypothesis or theories, to accommodate such doctrines to philosophical views; but laid their foundation deep in the authority of revelation only, and grounded them upon faith as their main support. To discard metaphysics altogether from such subjects, is perhaps impossible; but to attempt either to establish or to defend purely *divine* truth upon principles of human science, is to forget that our knowledge of the truths themselves originates in another source, and that they can neither be proved nor disproved from any intrinsic information that can be brought to bear upon them. Yet upon such grounds rest most of the subtleties of Arian writers. Metaphysical definitions of *unity*, *person*, *substance*, are assumed as postulates to establish one hypothesis, or to refute another; as if it were demonstrable that the mode of existence perceptible to our faculties in the visible world, must necessarily be the same with that which belongs to the world invisible; or that which we discern by the testimony of sense and experience, can be an adequate criterion of that which is capable of no such testimony."

We must here terminate our examination of this valuable and highly interesting production. Earnestly recommending it to the careful perusal of every one who feels an interest in the welfare of the Established Church, and in the maintenance of its pure and scriptural doctrines. In a more especial manner, will it be valuable to the theological student con-

taining, as it does, a most excellent and judicious abstract of the principal contents of all Dr. Waterland's works, to the complete collection of which this volume forms a most appropriate introduction.

ART. IX. *Observations on the History and Doctrine of Christianity, and, as historically connected, on the primeval Religion, on the Judaic, and on the Heathen, Public, Mystical, and Philosophical; the latter proposed as an Appendix to the Political and Military History of Greece. By William Mitford, Esq.* 2 Vols. 8vo. 9s. Rodwell. 1823.

WE entertain such sincere respect for the venerable author of this little volume, that it is seldom we have met with a work which has given us more pain. In spite of his many eccentricities as a writer, the works of Mr. Mitford have done good service to the cause of truth as well as of literature. His history of Greece is one which will never cease to be a standard in our language; it contains so many new and original views; is so replete with sound and unaffected learning; it is so completely the production of a man who has formed his conclusions from the study of authentic writers, without any regard to mere traditional opinions, that its value can never be superseded; not even by the appearance of a history which might happen to be more free from errors and imperfections. Mr. Mitford's opinions on the subject to which he has devoted so many years of his life, are and always will be considered as an authority. It is not as a compiler of facts, but as a judge and a critic, that his fame will endure; and in this point of view, although the faults of his style may detract much from the splendour of his reputation, yet after all, they interfere but little with the true merit that belongs to him. Even his faults offend only against critical taste; there is in them no taint of vulgarity, of flippancy, or affectation; and in this respect we do not hesitate to say, that taking the word taste in a large sense, as a moral attribute of the mind, and not as a mere critical attainment, we have been shocked and disgusted a hundred times while reading the historian "Of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," for once that we have been made peevish and out of humour by the thousand foolish heresies, with which Mr. Mitford is so perverse as to amuse himself.

But in this little work before us, we are sorry to say, that our excellent and venerable historian, does not confine his disposition to differ from received opinions within the innocent bounds to which they have heretofore been limited. His ancient quarrel with the genius of the English language appears indeed to be as violent as it ever was—even if it be not somewhat more acrimonious. The reader of his present publication is still, as heretofore, obliged to translate his sentences into Latin, and then re-translate them into English, or the ingenuity which is displayed in the style, and the labours which it must have cost the author of it, will be totally unperceived; but this is an old story; our present complaints against Mr. Mitford are of a more grave kind. The work before us is opened with the following apologetical remarks.

"The variety of opinions among professors of Christianity concerning many articles of both faith and practice, beginning even with the apostles, chosen by the Divine Author of the religion to be, first, as his assistants, and, after his removal from earth, with supreme authority, its propagators, cannot but be striking to all who have any information on the subject, and matter of most serious consideration for all who feel interested in it. Among not a few that consideration may have tended to infuse the doubts, and nourish the indifference, observable among many bred to the profession of that religion, and, before the French revolution, enough manifesting its rapid growth, in open avowal, Europe over; more especially among the higher orders, and most where the Roman is the religion of the state; checked then by the enormities practised in the name of philosophy; but, as the horror of these, with time, producing gradual oblivion, has faded, it may be feared growing again.

"To solve such doubts, to obviate such indifference, to awaken piety, to cultivate morality, generally through Christendom, has been made the peculiar duty of an order of men, dedicated, according to the several rules of several churches, to that called the clerical profession; one sect only, I believe, reckoning it, indifferently the office of all Christians. Nevertheless I have observed that some of the most respected clerical writers of the church of England have acknowledged the value of the assistance of laymen, who have published their thoughts on religious subjects; some of whom, indeed, have been of talents and reputation to make them powerful allies in any cause. But, for assisting in that, to the service of which the ecclesiastical order is dedicated, it has been remarked as an important farther advantage, that they are not, like ecclesiastics, open to the imputation which allurement of worldly interest, or impulse of professional engagements, might stimulate them to labour in it. Sharing in this advantage, without presum-

ing upon any other, not till after much doubting, and, at length, not without fearfulness, I have resolved to follow in their train, so far as to offer some of my thoughts to the world; hoping that, if any are right, some good may follow; and, if any are wrong, that, by exciting refutation, and so promoting consideration of the highly important subject, still they may produce some good; or that, rejected as unworthy of notice, they will be harmless." Vol. I. p. 1.

Mr. Mitford then proceeds to make some comments upon the intolerant spirit, with which the Roman Catholics exclude from the pale of the church all who do not acknowledge the authority of the see of Rome. He adds some remarks upon the impolicy of permitting persons holding this tenet to possess any political power in a state essentially Protestant, and then continues.

"I wish I could avoid all offence to those of our Protestant brethren whom we call sectaries, but that also, I fear, is impossible. Beyond this, moreover, claiming to be a member of the Church of England, yet considering the Church of England, though of heavenly materials, yet a human fabric, the best of its kind that I know, but still, as human, liable to imperfection; I farther fear I must displease some, and even many, of the Church of England, especially ecclesiastics. These, however, if any may be my readers, I desire to apprise, that, being wholly unlearned in the science of divinity, and of little reading in ecclesiastical history, I may be open to correction from them; which, under claim still to use my own judgment, I shall be glad to receive; and, moreover, that among opinions I may offer, new, as far as my knowledge goes, many may within theirs, approved by them or otherwise, be old and familiar.

"With all these considerations I think it proper to declare, in my outset, the principles of my faith, that if these be offensive to any, they may avoid farther offence by laying aside my book; desiring all, however, to be assured, that of any thing in which I may be wrong, I most earnestly desire correction; and that I can be of nothing more satisfied than that it belongs not to me, nor to any man, or to any set of men, though the subject so becomes and commands consideration, to be on that subject always assuredly, and with complete decision, right." Vol. I. p. 6.

It is not necessary that we should direct the attention of our readers to the peculiarities which the above extracts exhibit, in the matter of style. A grave examination of such fantastical notions concerning the true excellency of English composition, as seem to have been embraced by Mr. Mitford, is a labour which we would willingly spare ourselves. It is evident that he expresses himself in a manner thus different from other people, not from ignorance of

what is the common way of speaking and writing, but from principle. On this subject we cannot hope to change his opinions; and it is now too late to do so, even if we could. There is no fear lest they should be adopted by others; or even if there were, we should be sorry, in a case where our venerable author was concerned, to hazard any criticisms which were not grave and serious. Passing over this part of our duty therefore, we wish to make a few remarks upon the inconsistency of his professions of attachment to the Church of England, and of a desire to join with the clergy of the Establishment, in furthering the great interests of piety and religion, with the production of a work in which every page teems with doubts and demurs, as to the extent of their authority in questions of divinity; or with objections to the creeds and to the articles of faith which not the Church of England only, but which Christians, in all ages, have concurred in believing. It may be very true, that many "respected clerical writers of the Church of England have acknowledged the value of the *assistance* of laymen, who have published their thoughts on religious subjects;" but we shall be surprised if Mr. Mitford can name any "respected clerical writer" of our Church who has praised the published thoughts of those laymen, who at different times have put forth to the world, new theories of divinity, in opposition to established opinions; or who upon the sole plea of being "*wholly unlearned in the science of divinity, and of little reading in ecclesiastical history*," have presumed to call in question all the conclusions to which those had arrived who were confessedly learned and well read in both. We should have been very glad to have had Mr. Mitford's opinions concerning the writings of our great divines; and would have listened with much respect to his criticisms upon their learning, or even to his doubts as to the justness of their reasoning on any particular points. But as Mr. Mitford is entirely ignorant of the language of the Old Testament, has no critical knowledge of the text of the New; as he has read neither the fathers of the Greek or Latin Churches, nor a single divine of any original authority even in our own Church; as he does not appear to have steadily consulted, or at least to have fully studied even a single commentator of any repute, either concerning particular passages, or the general body of Scripture; we must confess that we are quite unable to understand any possible value which remarks such as those which he has presented to the public can possess, upon the several desultory points of divinity,

which appear to have suggested themselves to his mind, in the course probably of a few weeks reading, which, now that he has done with Grecian History, he has found time to devote to the study of the Bible.

Without being at all aware of the general argument for the divine institution of sacrifices; or at least being very imperfectly so; apparently quite ignorant of the object for which they must *necessarily* have been instituted, *supposing their origin to be divine*; seeing not at all the important place which this institution occupies in the general argument of Christianity, Mr. Mitford comes forward with a theory of his own upon the subject, which we do not discuss with him, because no man's crude imaginations upon a question of this magnitude are entitled to consideration; not even those of a person whom otherwise we so much respect as our excellent author. We shall extract his theory in justification of our remark. Those who have studied the subject will readily understand why we do not think that it requires comment; as a specimen of divinity it is however curious and characteristic.

"Presently, then, after the account of the fall, a matter is related altogether strongly commanding observation, but, in part, of questioned import. Sacrifice, without any previous notice of such a rite, is mentioned in clear terms, as an established duty of man, and as the means still graciously afforded by the Creator for immediate communication with himself. Together with the condemnation to mortality it had been declared that the spontaneous productions of the earth should no longer suffice for man's subsistence; by his labour he was thenceforward to earn his bread. It seems to me then enough implied that, with the institution of the rite of sacrifice, the grant, in a following part of scripture distinctly stated, of every inferior animal as lawful food for man, was made to Adam on his removal from Paradise; thenceforward wanted, not only as of quality best supplying the failure of the life-preserving fruit, but also, as the world, into which he was turned, is constituted, farther necessary for maintaining the multitudes to be born in it. Man's constitution however remaining, as far as holy writ informs us, unaltered, animal flesh in its natural state, was not suited to his power of digestion, as to that of the inferior carnivorous animals: the agency of fire, which man was indowed with ability to produce and use, with art of preparation, easy to him, but not within their capacity, were requisite.

"The combination here then is eminently remarkable. When man, sinful and perishable, was suddenly turned from the ready plenty of Eden into the wide world; not to be led, as the inferior animals, by instinct, but indowed with reason, yet reason uninformed and unexperienced, he would often want instruction, both

for supplying his needs and performing his duties. Accordingly, the Almighty still graciously allowed immediate communication with himself, through the rite of burnt-offering, which was to hallow the meal of meat insuing; for it is abundantly marked in Scripture, and by heathen writers, that the sacrifice, among both Jews and Gentiles, always afforded a meal. That meal, though thenceforward a main support of life and strength, must have been, till familiarity produced reconciliation to it, disgusting both in preparation, and in use. But its religious purpose is obvious. Man was thus at once reminded of his degradation, and of his final lot in this world; the salutary severity nevertheless being softened by the appointment of that very rite of burnt-offering, with all its degrading circumstances, for the exercise of his yet high privilege, peculiar to himself among surrounding animals, of communicating with his Creator." Vol. I. p. 48.

According to this doctrine, whenever a person, in the present day, sits down to a good dinner of roast and boiled, he is, or ought to be, "reminded of his degradation, and final lot in this world;" for there is nothing in the reasons of our author for such an opinion, which will not apply at least as pointedly to us as it did to the Jews in the time of Solomon, or at the coming of our Saviour.

If we follow our author from the Old to the New Testament, we confess that we are still at a loss to perceive in what respect it is, that the friends of Christianity in general, or of the Church of England in particular, are called upon to thank him for the "assistance" which he has rendered to the cause. If doubting respecting all the great doctrines of Christianity, without assigning any reason for such doubts, except that the author has never taken the trouble to read the works of those who have attempted to solve them—if this be rendering a service to Religion or to the Church, Mr. Mitford may fairly lay claim to be one of their greatest benefactors. With respect to the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, he treats them with no more ceremony or respect, than if they had been the production of the curate in the country village where he lives, and had been sanctioned by no better or higher authorities than that of the squire and churchwardens of the parish. And even with respect to the Apostles' Creed, we are almost afraid to say how closely he pares it of every thing that is not matter of historical fact. In like manner he tells us, that he has never been able to understand the grounds on which the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures is founded. Now it is certain that grounds for this doctrine have been assigned; and by good authority too. Moreover, it is certain that very intelligible reasons, to say the least of them, may be assigned,

shewing that doctrine to be almost involved in the supposition of the books of the New Testament having been written by those whose names they bear, and that the facts related in them, are true. But Mr. Mitford is not acquainted with these reasons, it seems. Now, whose fault is this? Or is it fitting the character of man, to put forth to the world his doubts upon such a subject, until he has conscientiously examined whether the arguments in proof of this doctrine are, or are not, entitled to respect? This surely is the least which the Church of England has a right to ask from one who professes to be her son, and to believe, to use our author's own quaint language, that the "reformation" has been "brought to the best perfection yet attained among national establishments, (however, as a human work, still imperfect) in the established Church of England."

We must give one specimen more of the kind of "assistance" with which our author, in the work before us, "having no allurement of worldly interest, or impulse of professional engagement," has endeavoured to support the labours of those, who might be supposed not exempt from suspicion in these respects. He tells us that he writes neither for the learned nor the unlearned. "There is a middle class; and to these I principally dedicate," says he, "my observations to come, as well as those already given, hoping them not wholly unadapted to it." As an illustration of the discretion with which our author writes, having this object in view, our readers may take the following specimen.

Mr. Mitford tells us, that "he respects highly our authorised translation of the Bible, though not as perfect; for it is a human work." With these words he prefaces a short commentary upon the two first verses of St. John, adding, that "*the English translation of that short but difficult, and contested passage, is perhaps as unexceptionable as any the language could furnish.*" Immediately after this he tells the "middling classes," (who cannot form an opinion as to the value of his criticism), that this said passage in the English "has a phrase concerning which a question may occur."

"'In the beginning,' says our version, 'was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God. The same was in the beginning with God.' Throughout these two verses the order of the words of the original may be followed in English speech; and it is exactly followed, with, however, one remarkable exception in the important phrase, 'the word was God:' where, in the original, the words run, 'God was the word.' Which arrangement best expresses, in our language, the sense of the original, I will not undertake to say. To some minds, perhaps there may appear no differ-

ence of import made by the difference of order; with others it may be otherwise. Either phrase, however, indicates mystery, not within ordinary human understanding, and, therefore, I apprehend, not to be completely explained in human speech. The assertion, then, emphatically repeated, declaring that to be WITH God, which the intervening phrase declares to be God himself, can hardly fail to make difficulty for most minds, and so has suggested doubt of the authenticity of that intervening phrase, though supported by all known antient manuscripts in the original language. But the apostle, we are told, after having communicated in writing his correction of the wild fancies entertained in some Asiatic cities, visited those cities, and so might give any needful explanation. For us, I humbly apprehend, the gospel, as it has been transmitted to us, and as far as it can be understood by every one giving due attention to it, may be considered as affording all the information necessary, though parts of it may be, to some more, to others less, intelligible. So I understand the assurance that, from those to whom less is given less will be required. For the presumptuously disposed, extension of ground may seem provided for that trial, for which all holy writ shows man to have been placed on earth." Vol. II. p. 32—10.

He goes on to say,

"Hazard in translating from one language to another, evident, in what I have stated, farther shows itself abundant in prosecuting comparison of the translation of the first chapter of St. John's gospel with the original. In the second and third verses, the translation says, 'All things were made BY HIM, and without HIM was not anything made that was made. In HIM was life, and the life was the light of men.' But the original (nor is the observation new) would equally bear the version, 'All things were made THROUGH IT;' namely, the word; 'and without IT was not anything made that was made. In IT was life.' Leaving the question whether the English preposition 'by,' or the English preposition 'through,' considerably different themselves, best represents the Greek preposition on the particular occasion, I will observe that the familiar use of metaphor by oriental writers, may, I suppose, justify the use of the masculine pronoun HIM, to represent the substantive 'the word,' of which, unless metaphorically used, the neuter pronoun 'it' would be the proper representative.

"Another matter, then, in comparing the translation with the original, will appear striking. In the course of fourteen verses, in the same chapter, one word occurring six times, is represented in the translation by three different phrases. That word*, twice used in the third verse, is, on both occasions, rendered by our two words, 'was made.' Recurring in the sixth, the translation gives for it the phrase 'there was.' In the tenth and the fourteenth is found again the former phrase, 'was made,' and in the seventeenth, to represent

* Ἐγένετο.

it, is given the single word 'came;' of import widely different from both the former. Another word, then, of the original, used in the third verse, and again in the fifteenth*, is, on the former occasion, made synonymous with the word just noticed, being rendered 'was made:' in the latter a very different interpretation is given of it in the phrase, 'is preferred.'

"I desire here not to be understood to object to the authorised version, as not giving, in all these instances, the meaning of the original as nearly as in our language may be, or even, so far as I may presume to judge, as nearly as for the occasion need be." Vol. II. p. 32—12.

Now we really should wish to be informed, what is the purport of these and similar passages, which Mr. Mitford has written for the edification of the middling classes; or what is the conclusion at which our author ever wishes us to arrive, or at which he himself has arrived? If it was his intention, or if it be in his power to shew, that the received translation might be improved; that it does not convey the sense of the original; that the doctrine which has been built upon this passage, in conjunction with numerous others of the same purport, is erroneous; we should be prepared to listen with respect to his arguments. Is Mr. Mitford a Socinian, or is he not? So far as the weight of his name is concerned, it cannot much matter whether such loose, unconnected, rash, and unlearned divinity, as is contained in the volume before us, be intended to support the cause of Orthodoxy or that of Unitarianism. We should have been sorry, before the publication of this work, had we been told that Mr. Mitford was a disciple of Priestley; because we could not, in such a case, have known that his proselytism had not been the result of reading, and learning, and study: now that he has stated his avowed ignorance of "ecclesiastical history, and of divinity as a science," and has, moreover, given the *reasons* upon which he has formed his opinions; of course the authority of those opinions depends no longer upon the degree of weight which might belong to his name, but upon the value of the reasons which he assigns. We could wish, however, that he had published his work as a professed Unitarian, if he really be so; and if he be not, we should be pleased to learn to what communion, in matters of belief, he in fact professes to belong. We should be truly sorry if any unwary member of the Church of England, belonging to the "middling classes," (whether this word be applied to rank or to learning) should take up the volume before us, and suppose that

* Γίγονε.

opinions, such as are contained in it, and principles of reasoning, so loose and dangerous, have the sanction of authority. It is the production of a very old and very respectable man; of a good classical scholar; and of an excellent citizen; but of one whose course of studies, and the peculiar character of whose mind and talents, would not seem, by any means, to qualify him for theological speculations. We have noticed the work, from the respect which is due to the name of its venerable author, and in order to satisfy the curiosity of our readers as to its character and merits. Had it come recommended to us solely by the weight of its own pretensions to attention, we should probably have spared both the author and ourselves the pain which it has cost us in thus freely delivering our opinion.

ART. X. *Ultra Crepidarius; a Satire on William Gifford. By Leigh Hunt.* 8vo. 40 pp. 2*s.* 6*d.* Hunt. 1823.

A SATIRE on WILLIAM GIFFORD, by *Leigh Hunt!* What must be the sensations of the college fellow, whose eye, seldom crossed by any thing more alarming than a piece of inconstructible Greek, or an obstinate paradox in mathematics, first catches, in wandering carelessly from his coffee and roll to the newspaper, a sight of the advertisement which blazons the above portentous title! His mind instantly recurs to the dreaded prodigy of old,—

> "A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
> Was by a mousing owl hawkt at and kill'd."

Happy to perceive his newspaper is not *black-edged*, he explores its columns with hurried impatience, and discovering no further intimation of any national calamity, coolly investigates again, till he rests quite certain, that at present, at least, nothing has occurred explanatory of so fearful a portent; not, however, without considerable apprehensions for the future.

Now in pity to all persons thus affected, but who, nevertheless, may not have the fortitude to undergo "a satire on William Gifford by Leigh Hunt," we have perused this work; and we have the satisfaction to assure less venturesome readers, that it is no prodigy. The owl has indeed attempted a flight, which is nothing new in the daring of folly: —"*Cœlum ipsum petimus* STULTITIA;" but the lordly falcon still "towers" in all "her pride of place," far beyond

the assaults of her blinking foe, and perhaps all unconscious that the sober bird of darkness has been dissipating in aspirations so utterly unbecoming the gravity of dullness.

A phenomenon, however, may be worth observation, though no prodigy; and on that account we notice this book. It is certainly an extraordinary work; and long may it continue to be so; for, with an extraordinary degree of dulness,—a blank, dark chaos of unmeaning jingle, an Avernus where the creative spirits of wit and imagination have never dared to wave their wings,—it combines an atrocity of malignity which we never believe to have been before publicly expressed without an application of the corrective influence of Newgate or Bedlam; and an ingenious variation of vulgar invective, which would render it an inestimable treasure to the compiler of a Billingsgate lexicon. It is true, that the author of Ultra Crepidarius, and the approver and editor of Mr. Hazlitt's epistle thereto appended, might plead mental imbecility: still, as there seems reason to believe that this cause did not operate to an extinction of all consciousness concerning his motives and conduct, we shall act by him on the principles of British jurisprudence, and expose his cowardice, dulness, and malignity.

It is not necessary that we should say much of Mr. Gifford; that gentleman's character has long been before the world, and long may he continue to receive the respect and esteem of that public which his writings have so long amused, instructed, and improved! His is one of the most gratifying triumphs of genius over destiny. His talents have raised him, as they failed to do Bloomfield and Burns, to competence and literary ease. His distinction in this respect from other men of genius, otherwise similarly circumstanced, is, perhaps, mainly attributable to the popularity of those branches of literature, to the cultivation of which his genius especially led him, satire and criticism. But his broad though honest expression of hostility to vice and folly; his keen and scrutinizing glance, which never failed to detect their darkest and best sheltered abodes; his Herculean grasp, which dragged them, like Cacus, from the hiding-places of their deformity, and compressed them in its merciless hold, have always drawn on him the malevolence of bad men and fools, who, like the predatory monster above-mentioned, have been always struggling to effect their deliverance by suffocating their mighty opponent with smoke and venom. This may be all considered perfectly fair: "*dente lupus, cornu taurus petit.*" They fight with their natural weapons. But now, when the arm of Hercules is raised no more; when the high

and commanding intellect, which, when youth and vigour lent it their aid, would have blazed into annihilation, such insects as Hunt and Hazlitt, no longer deigns to scatter its lightnings on existences so mean, but, led by years and sickness, has retired to a loftier sphere of contemplation, for the dastardly assassin to watch his opportunity and disgorge the venom he has been five years* in secreting on the declining veteran, is a depth in cowardly meanness, of which we believe Mr. Hunt has the honour to be the first explorer. The most common cant of modern "Liberalism" is "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," a precept which it would be absurd and injurious to obey in a very great number of cases. The only right feeling about it is grounded on the inability of the dead to defend themselves; and certainly, where the exposure of a dead person's failings can in no degree benefit the living, they should be left in "their dread abode." But that good feeling, which would lead us to suppress the failings of the departed, where their exposure would be useless, operates much more powerfully in favour of the living, whose infirmities incapacitate them from retaliation; for here there are feelings to wound. Had Mr. Gifford's fault been something much worse than the exposure and castigation of rant, folly, and ignorance, we can hardly conceive a necessity so urgent, as to exculpate from the charge of unmanliness and malignity the assailer of an unresisting old man. But liberalism differs from liberality. Human annals at least present, we believe, nothing similar to the present attempt; but a case is recorded in the history of inferior animals, which indeed bears some resemblance to that before us. When the lion, the terror of every mean and vulgar beast, lay weakened by sickness and age, the ass, who had so often fled in consternation from his roar, approached, not, however, without considerable hesitation (we are not told whether he waited "five years"), and *kicked* him!! We do not believe that Mr. Gifford can feel any pain from the libel of Mr. Leigh Hunt; but if he does, it must be that which the noble animal in the story experienced; an indignant bitterness of heart, that circumstances had reduced him to be kicked by an ass, for the hoof is too blunt a weapon to wound very acutely.

Having premised thus much on the feelings which dictated Ultra-Crepidarius, (a feeling which the polished wit of Pope

* "The following *jeu d'esprit* (d'esprit!!!) is the 'stick' which is mentioned in the third number of the Liberal, as having been cut for Mr. Gifford's special use.

Have I these *five years* spared *the dog* a stick,
Cut for his special use, and reasonably thick?" Pref. p. 1.

Reasonably thick, indeed!

himself could never have atoned for) we now come to consider the expression, which is perfectly in unison, and as "liberal" (in the new acceptation of the term) as could be expected from so zealous a devotee of "liberal ideas." Of this we will now convince our readers by a few extracts. The first of these is extremely curious, as it shews the first motives which excited the dastardly sentiment which dictated the present libel; and exhibits in its full deformity the character of the author.

"My first notice of him was in his praise; to which, if I mistake not, I owe the importunate requests which Mr. Murray made me to write in the Quarterly Review. I was then a youth, and knew his writings only piecemeal. I did not write in the Quarterly Review; and I soon acquired knowledge enough to sound the shallow depths of the Editor. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Hence the 'misquoting' criticism on the 'Story of Rimini.' Hence, and for no other cause, his unfeeling attack on Mr. Keats; for extraordinary genius was calculated merely to perplex him. Hence, in some measure, his unchristian hatred and misrepresentation of the christian temper of Mr. Shelley: for if ever faith and charity were separate, it was in the persons of these two men. Mr. Gifford's faith delights in scorning charity and extinguishing hope." *Preface*, p. iv.

Thus stands the case, Mr. Hunt fawns on Mr. Gifford, in the hope of rising, by his mighty aid, into reputation and popularity, objects to which his insatiable vanity has all along been directed, and towards which he has been straining with all the ridiculous impotence of the frog in the fable, in hope to emulate the size of the bull. Mr. Gifford, not caring to swallow the bait honied by the awkward hands of the Cockney, dares to express or sanction other sentiments than those of prostrate adoration for "Rimini"! Mr. Gifford dares to think that Mr. Leigh Hunt's word is not so highly valued at Parnassus, that it must stamp young Keats an exalted genius!! Mr. Gifford does not stop here, but, encouraged, it seems, by the success of his former audacity, ventures to question "the Christian temper of Mr. Shelley" the atheist!!! Mr. Shelley's works are not on our shelves, and we therefore speak from memory; but though we are disposed to allow the real sublimity of his genius, we cannot forget that the terrible sentence "there is no God" occurs in the works of this "Christian" writer, beside a vast quantity of most appalling blasphemy, and depravity.

Mr. Leigh Hunt being thus wounded in the most sensitive part, his vanity, and fearful of indulging his vindictive spleen while he had any chance of another castigation, has kept its

venom close stopt down, to ferment well, and acquire continual acidity, until he thought he might discharge the foul drench on his unresisting victim. "Now the charm is firm and good", and forth it comes!

The title of "Ultra-Crepidarius" is not exactly what might be expected from the undiscriminating professions of modern liberalists; but when an adversary is to be abused, these gentlemen are not very precise either in terms or principles. Mr. Leigh Hunt, however, feels it in some degree necessary to explain this away, and avows the liberal creed with great zeal and earnestness.

"What are called," says he, "low origins and high origins, are, to me, matters of equal indifference. I have literally (whatever I may have had once) no sort of feeling with regard to those 'above me, or 'below' me, but such as are [is] made by moral or intellectual qualities."

Indeed! this is somewhat at variance with the title of Mr. Hunt's book, and his sickening obtrusions of his familiarity with Lord Byron.

But to pass from the preface to "the great work"—the book on which the rest of the libellous matter hangs. This is so dull and so monotonous that it is quite indifferent what part we select as a specimen. We shall, however, not be more burdensome to our readers than is necessary to warrant our exhibition of the writer; although some, perhaps, will be content with the evidence furnished by his title-page. We must endeavour, as far as we understand it ourselves, to possess our readers of the "story", in explanation of what follows. Mercury has lost one of his shoes, which it seems, Venus had sent to Ashburton in Devonshire, as a pattern for a new pair: the deities journey together to Ashburton in quest of it, Mercury with "a fine overlooking of face", an expression which we leave to the interpretation of our readers, suggesting in the way of conjecture that it may mean that he neglected to wash it; where they are stopped by a shoe, which is "instinct with life", and is identified with Mr. Gifford; And this is called "Satire."

"O ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
That trash like this not only not evades
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
Floats, scumlike, uppermost, and these Jack Cades
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss!"

Mercury, somewhat offended at the lax notions of respect for his godship entertained by the shoe,

"Denounced it in words that shall die *on no shelf:*"

most probably: it does not however follow that they will live there. We will give them the chance of our pages.

" ' Vile Soul of a Shoe,—that with decent self-knowledge
Had honoured the good man that made thee at college,
And walked through the world, if with not many graces,
At least in good steps and calm classical places,
My very stray slipper that passed thee, and hit,
Might have done thee some good, for it brushed thee with wit;
But every thing, even Adversity fails,
To refine the grain in thee: the calf-skin prevails.
Attend then my curse, while thou shrinkest into thee,
And let the ambition thou spoilest, undo thee.

" ' As soon as I finish my words, thou shalt be,
Not a man, for thou canst not, but human to see:
Thy appearance at least shall be taken for human,
However perplexing to painter or woman.
In ev'ry thing else, thou shalt be as thou art,
A thing made for dirty ways, hollow at heart.
Serve an Earl, as thou say'st; and, in playing the shoe,
Let the stories told of thee, malicious or true,
Only lead thee hereafter to scandalize too.
But let not an Earl stop thy progress; go higher,
And at every new step show addition of mire,
Like one, who, in climbing a loose moulded hill
Finds his foot growing heavier and dirtier still,
Strain after all those, who ascend to the crown;
But all who are falling, assist to kick down:
Then getting at top, gape with sycophant joy,
And poking about for becoming employ,
Make signs thou art ready, with pliable span,
To clasp any foot, that would trample on man.
But despair of those nobler ascents, which thou'lt see
Stretching far overhead with the Delphian tree,—
Holy ground, to climb up to whose least laurell'd shelf
Thou would'st have to change natures, and put off thyself.
Stop, and strain at the base; yet, to ease thy despair,
Do thy best to obstruct all the feet that come there,
Especially younger ones, winged like mine,
Till bright, up above thee, they soar and they shine.
Should even the graves, such as lie near the spot,
Of critics and note-makers, help thee a jot,
Be sure to pretend that the heap's of no use,
And repay those who gave thee a lift with abuse.
Dig into their errors, their merits conceal,
And then shudder to think that the dead cannot feel.
All things, in short, petty and fit, say and do,
Becoming a man with the soul of a shoe.
Boast thy origin once, because good common-place
Has pronounc'd such behaviour a merit and grace;

But after that once, be consistent, and show
A great horror of lowness, because it is low:
Pick out for thy path, through the region of letters,
The very worst tracks that dishonour'd thy betters;
Like boys, who to get a sensation and splutter,
Prefer, to the pavement, a kick through the gutter.
Thus, edit no authors but such as unite
With their talents a good deal of dirt or of spite:
Ben Johnson, because he was beastly and bluff;
And Massinger,—mince through his loathsomer stuff;
And Persius,—'let him be writ down' Imitated,
And say to poor Juvenal, 'Thou art translated.'
These Latins will help too thy fondest of *penchants*,
And swell thy large hate with the hates of the ancients."
But as for such writers as Shakespear and others,—
Low fellows, who treated all men as their brothers,
Base panders, whose heads ran on love and a wood,
Blasphemers, who thought the great Jupiter good,
Who had right to be naked, and yet not asham'd,—
Be sure to inform us, that they may be damn'd.
I hear some one say, 'Murrain take him, the ape!'
And so Murrain shall, in a bookseller's shape;
An evil-eyed elf, in a down-looking flurry,
Who'd fain be a coxcomb and call himself Murray.
Adorn thou his door like the sign of the Shoe,
For court-understrappers to congregate to;
For Southey to come in his dearth of invention,
And eat his own words for mock-praise and a pension;
For Croker to lurk with his spider-like limb in,
And stock his lean bag with way-laying the women;
And Jove only knows for what creatures beside
To shelter their envy and dust-licking pride,
And feed on corruption, like bats, who at nights
In the dark take their shuffles, which they call their flights,
Be these the Court-critics, and vamp a Review;
And by a poor figure, and therefore a true,
For it suits with thy nature, both shoe-like and slaughterly,
Be its hue leathern, and title the *Quarterly*.
Much misconduct it; and see that the others
Misdeem, and misconstrue, like miscreant brothers;
Misquote, and misplace, and mislead, and misstate,
Misapply, misinterpret, misreckon, misdate,
Misinform, misconjecture, misargue; in short,
Miss all that is good, that ye miss not the Court.
Count the worth of a mind, not from what it produces,
But what it will take to fall in with abuses.
Is any one ardent, sincere, independent?
What distancing virtue! Pray try make an end on't.
Does any discover what you never could?
Pretend it's a trifle no gentleman would.

Does a true taste appear for the authors you edit?
Take pains, by your scorn, to shew you never had it.
In short, be the true Representative Tool
Of a whole 'Court of Cobblers' got up into rule.
Alas for the country of Hurley and Prior!
But office shall then be a shop so entire
For any dull fellow to keep that can serve,
While Britons, turn'd beggars, are told to go starve,
That a whole set of dunces,—yes, Pope thine own hand,
Thy *Dunciad* itself, shall rule over the land!
As gutters dive down to re-issue in ditches,
Thy divers for pay shall emerge with new riches.
Then quality's fools, long be-libell'd in vain,
In the Stuarts, the Georges, and 'Jenkies' shall reign:
Then Cymons (not Greek, not yet mended by Cupid)
Shall lord it with faces triumphant as stupid:
Happy Page shall be Best, well aware of his fury,
Concanean be Croker, and Lintot be Murray:
In Southey poor Blackmore, beginning to doat,
Shall not only turn a new stave, but his coat:
The Wards and Welsteds shall pamper their spleens,
And club in Scotch papers and Scotch Magazines:
And finally, thou, my old soul of the tritical,
Noting, translating, high slavish, hot critical,
Quarterly-scutcheon'd, great heir to each dunce,
Be Tibbald, Cook, Arnall, and Dennis at once.
In one thing alone display nothing in common
With dunce any more than with genius,—'hate woman.'
(Here Venus entreated, and fain would have gone,
But the God only clasp'd her the more, and went on:)
"Hate woman, thou block in the path of fair feet;
If Fate want a hand to distress them, thine be it;
When the Great, and their flourishing vices, are mention'd,
Say people 'impute' 'em, and show thou art pension'd;
But meet with a Prince's old mistress *discarded*,
And *then* let the world see how vice is rewarded.'
"He said. The poor Shoe, turning restless and wan,
Gave a groan, and began struggling up into man.
First the straps, falling stiffly, and thrusting the ground,
Became arms, by whose help it arose, turning round;
Then the toe split in two, and increasing in size,
Undertook to support him as legs and as thighs;
And lastly from out of the quartering there look'd
A face at once lachrymose, rude, and rebuk'd.
Such a face! Such a spirit! For what is a face,
But what the soul makes it, for worth or disgrace?
"Like a rogue from a regiment be-drummer'd and fifer'd,
It slunk out of doors, and men call'd the thing GIFFORD."

P. 15.

This, it might be fairly supposed, would have been a sufficient gratification of the most inveterate malignity. It is, not, however sufficient for Mr. Leigh Hunt. His expressions, it seems, are unequal to the task of conveying his feelings; his powers flag, but his will remains. Mr. Hazlitt, therefore, a gentleman less easily fatigued with the work of vituperation, is called in, lest Mr. Hunt should be compelled to fight single handed. Mr. Hunt has certainly shewn judgment in the selection of his champion; he is quite equal to the dirty work; he has a command of Billingsgate certainly surpassing that of any author whom we ever read; not excepting Mr. Leigh Hunt himself, whose excellencies in this respect are cast into deep shade by this matchless "Liberal." There are five and twenty pages entirely filled with the most rancorous libelling, without a sparkle of wit or a grain of argument. We have read them in our critical capacity, and nothing but the necessity of reading them in order to holding up their author and editor to detestation, could have prevailed with us to wade beyond the six first pages; nor do we believe that any of our readers, however desirous of judging for themselves, would incur for this privilege the penalty of a perusal. It is indifferent from what part of the letter we make our selections; but we shall give the matter of about two pages, as a fair specimen of the whole.

"There cannot be a greater nuisance than a dull, envious, pragmatical, low-bred man, who is placed, as you are, in the situation of the Editor of such a work as the Quarterly Review. Conscious that his reputation stands on very slender and narrow grounds, he is naturally jealous of that of others. He insults over unsuccessful authors; he hates successful ones. He is angry at the faults of a work; more angry at its excellencies. If an opinion is old, he treats it with supercilious indifference; if it is new, it provokes his rage. Every thing beyond his limited range of inquiry appears to him a paradox and an absurdity; and he resents every suggestion of the kind as an imposition on the public, and an imputation on his own sagacity. He cavils at what he does not comprehend, and misrepresents what he knows to be true. Bound to go through the nauseous task of abusing all those who are not, like himself, the abject tools of power, his irritation increases with the number of obstacles he encounters, and the number of sacrifices he is obliged to make of common sense and decency to his interest and self-conceit. Every instance of prevarication he wilfully commits makes him more in love with hypocrisy, and every indulgence of his hired malignity makes him more disposed to repeat the insult and the injury. His understanding becomes daily more distorted, and his feelings more and more callous. Grown old in the service of corruption, he drivels on to the last with prostituted impotence and shameless

effrontery; salves a meagre reputation for wit, by venting the driblets of his spleen and impertinence on others; answers their arguments by confuting himself; mistakes habitual obtuseness of intellect for a particular acuteness not to be imposed upon by shallow appearances; unprincipled rancour for zealous loyalty; and the irritable, discontented, vindictive, peevish effusions of bodily pain and mental imbecility for proofs of refinement of taste, and strength of understanding.

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"Your employers, Mr. Gifford, do not pay their hirelings for nothing—for condescending to notice weak and wicked sophistry; for pointing out to contempt what excites no admiration; for cautiously selecting a few specimens of bad taste and bad grammar, where nothing else is to be found. They want your invincible pertness, your mercenary malice, your impenetrable dullness, your barefaced impudence, your pragmatical self sufficiency, your hypocritical zeal, your pious frauds, to stand in the gap of their prejudices and pretensions, to fly-blow and taint public opinion, to defeat independent efforts, to apply not the sting of the scorpion but the touch of the torpedo to youthful hopes, to crawl and leave the slimy track of sophistry and lies over every work that does not 'dedicate its sweet leaves' to some luminary of the Treasury Bench, or is not fostered in the hot-bed of corruption. This is your office; 'this is what is looked for at your hands, and this you do not baulk'—to sacrifice what little honesty and prostitute what little intellect you possess to any dirty job you are commissioned to execute. 'They keep you as an ape does an apple, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed to be last swallowed.' You are, by appointment, Literary Toad-eater to Greatness, and Taster to the Court. You have a natural aversion to whatever differs from your own pretensions, and an acquired one for what gives offence to your superiors. Your vanity panders to your interest, and your malice truckles only to your love of power. If your instinctive or premeditated abuse of your enviable trust were found wanting in a single instance; if you were to make a single slip in getting up your select Committee of Inquiry and Green Bag Report of the State of Letters, your occupation would be gone. You would never after obtain a squeeze of the hand from a great man, or a smile from a punk of quality. The great and powerful (whom you call the wise and good) do not like to have the privacy of their self-love startled by the obtrusive and unmanageable claims of literature and philosophy, except through the intervention of persons like you, whom, if they have common penetration, they soon find out to be without any soperiority of intellect; or, if they do not, whom they can despise for their meanness of soul. You 'have the office opposite to St. Peter.' You 'keep a corner in the public mind, for foul prejudice and corrupt power to knot and gender in;' you volunteer your services to people of quality, to ease scruples of

mind and qualms of conscience; you 'lay the flattering unction, of venal prose and laurelled verse to their souls. You persuade them that there is neither purity of morals, nor depth of understanding except in themselves and their hangers-on; and would prevent the unhallowed names of Liberty and Humanity from being ever whispered in ears polite! You, Sir, do you not do all this? I cry you mercy then: I took you for the Editor of the Quarterly Review!" P. 30.

It is satisfactory to see a bad cause thus defended. The only proper way to treat such attacks, is to employ the strong arm of the law. It is not that Mr. Gifford's character requires this or any other justification; but it is right that attempts at assassination, however unsuccessful or desperate, should be punished for the sake of example. It is not to be expected, that the author of "Ultra-Crepidarius" can be made to feel shame. That passion must long have been extinguished in his breast; but he knows what fine and imprisonment mean, and these are appeals which his feelings will not withstand.

ART. XI. *An Outline of the System of Education, at New Lanark. By Robert Dale Owen.* 8vo. pp. 104. Longman & Co. 1824.

MR. Owen of Lanark is an indefatigable man; and continues to correspond with the Old and New Times in the hope of reforming the world. Mr. *Robert Dale Owen* undertakes to assist him in the task, and the *Outline* informs us of the manner in which they intend to proceed.

As the *Infant-Schoolmen* are again at work endeavouring to counteract the National system of education, our readers may perhaps be disposed to refresh their memories by a glance at New Lanark. There it was that Infant Wisdom had its birth, and the cradle of a system which from such humble beginnings has now reached the Freemasons' Tavern, united Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Brougham, charmed Lord Calthorpe and Mr. William Smith, and extorted the praises of Friend Allen himself, is an object which the curious will not disdain to inspect. We propose therefore to let Mr. Robert Dale tell his own tale.

Having denounced rewards and punishments as unjust and prejudicial the following system is substituted in its stead.

" If happiness be ' our being's end and aim,' and if that which promotes the great end of our being be right, and that which has a contrary tendency be wrong,—then have we obtained a simple and intelligible definition of right and wrong. It is this: *' Whatever, in its ultimate consequences, increases the happiness of the community, is right; and whatever, on the other hand, tends to diminish that happiness, is wrong.'* A proposition, as once clear in itself, and encouraging in its application; and one which will scarcely be rejected but by those who are unaccustomed to take a comprehensive view of any subject, or whose minds, misled and confused, perhaps, by words without meaning, mistake the *means* for the *end*, and give to those means an importance, which is due to them only in as far as they conduce to the end itself, the great object of all our pursuits, and the secret mainspring of all our actions.

" Every action whatever must, on this principle, be followed by its natural reward and punishment; and a clear knowledge and *distinct conviction* of the necessary consequences of any particular line of conduct, is all that is necessary, however sceptical some may be on this point, to direct the child in the way he should go; provided common justice be done to him in regard to the other circumstances, which surround him in infancy and childhood. We must carefully impress on his mind, how intimately connected his *own* happiness is, with that of *the community.* And the task is by no means difficult. Nature, after the first impression, has almost rendered it a sinecure. She will herself confirm the impression, and fix it indelibly on the youthful mind. Her rewards will confer increasing pleasure, and yet create neither pride nor envy. Her punishments will prove ever watchful monitors; but they will neither dispirit nor discourage." P. 12.

Mr. Owen does not inform us at what age his young people begin " to connect their own happiness with that of the community;" but we infer from what follows that it is in the second or third year of their age.

" A child who acts improperly, is not considered an object of *blame*, but of *pity*. His instructors are aware, that a practical knowledge of the effects of his conduct is all that is required, in order to induce him to change it, And this knowledge they endeavour to give him. They show him the intimate, inseparable, and immediate connection of his own happiness, with that of those around him; a principle which, to an unbiassed mind, requires only a fair statement to make it evident; and the practical observance of which, confers too much pleasure to be abandoned for a less generous or more selfish course." P. 15.

In ancient days a journey to Lanark was a formidable undertaking. Thanks to the *Soho* and other vehicles of that description, we may travel thither now with very little inconvenience. And we cannot help flattering ourselves that the day

will come when we shall hear and see the wonders that are wrought therein. "The garb of old Gael" must yield to the habiliments adopted at Lanark.

"The dress worn by the children in the day school, both boys and girls, is composed of strong white cotton cloth, of the best quality that can be procured. It is formed in the shape of the Roman tunic, and reaches, in the boys dresses, to the knee, and in those of the girls, to the ancle. These dresses are changed three times a week, that they may be kept perfectly clean and neat." P. 33.

These infant Catos are imbued at an early age with more than Roman learning.

It has been deemed necessary, in order to meet the wishes of the parents, to commence teaching the children the elements of reading, at a very early age; but it is intended that this mode should, ultimately, be superseded, at least until the age of seven or eight, by a regular course of natural history, geography, ancient, and modern history, chemistry, astronomy, &c. on the principle, that it is following the plan prescribed by nature, to give a child such particulars as he can easily be made to understand, concerning the *nature and properties* of the different objects around him, before we proceed to teach him the *artificial signs* which have been adopted to represent these objects. It is equally impolitic and irrational, at once to disgust him by a method to him obscure or unintelligible, and consequently tedious and uninteresting, of obtaining that knowledge, which may, in the meantime, be agreeably communicated by conversation, and illustrated by sensible signs; and which may thus, by giving the child a taste for learning, render the attainments of reading and writing really interesting to him, as the means of conferring increased facilities, in acquiring further information." P. 34.

In addition to natural history, geography, chemistry, and astronomy, which are to supersede the alphabet until the children are seven years old, they are also to learn toleration, liberality, and other branches of modern learning, at the same tender age.

"To the latter will belong such simple and distinct details, as may explain the phenomena of nature, of science, or of civilization, together with such as tend to create enlarged ideas, to repress illiberal or uncharitable sentiments on any subject, or to teach children to value every thing for its real worth, and prevent their being misled by the relation of events, which are too often held up as glorious and praiseworthy, but which, reason teaches us, are equally irrational and injurious to the happiness of the community." P. 34.

"The minds of the children are thus openedand they are pre-

vented from contracting narrow, exclusive notions, which might lead them to regard those only as proper objects of sympathy and interest, who may live in the same country with themselves—or to consider that alone is right, which they have been accustomed to see—or to suppose those habits and those opinions to be the standard of truth and of perfection, which the circumstances of their birth and education have rendered their own." P. 47.

This is the *ne plus ultra* of modern philosophy. Upon the subject of religion Mr. Dale is not as candid as his father, the latter having publicly rejected Christianity, while the former affects to acknowledge it. Was this worldly wisdom acquired uuder his parents instruction?

"RELIGION.—The founder of the schools of New Lanark has been accused of bringing up the children without religion.

"The direct and obvious tendency of the whole system of education there, most fully warrants, as it appears to us, a representation the very reverse of this; and as much has been asserted, and still more insinuated on the subject, we may be allowed to state our reasons for this opinion.

"An acquaintance with the works of the Deity, such as these children acquire, must lay the basis of true religion. The uniform consistency of such evidence, all nations, and all sects, at once acknowledge. No diversity of opinion can exist with regard to it. It is an evidence with which every one is really anxious that his children should adopt a true religion, must wish them to become acquainted; whether he may have been born in a Christian country, or be a disciple of Mahomet, or a follower of Bramah. Because simple facts can never mislead, or prejudice the mind. They can never support a religion which is false; they must always support one which is true. He who hesitates to receive them as the basis of his religion, tacitly acknowledges its inconsistency. 'And where there is inconsistency there is error.' If the subsequent religious instruction, which a child is to receive, be true, then will the instructor derive, in teaching it, the greatest assistance from the store of natural facts, which the child has previously acquired; because true religion must be completely in unison with all facts. If such subsequent instruction be false, then will it certainly become a difficult task to induce a belief in its truth, because a child, whose mind has been thus prepared, will probably soon discover, that it is not in accordance with what he knows to be true; but every one must admit the advantage of such a difficulty. Even supposing a child instructed in true religion, and believing it implicitly, without however, having acquired that belief by deducing its truth from known or well accredited facts,—upon what foundation can such a belief be said to rest? The first sceptic he may converse with, will probably excite a doubt of its truth in his mind; and he himself, being unable to defend his opinions, and having no means of reasoning on the subject, may soon become a violent opposer of that religion, which, though true, had yet been taught to

him before he had acquired sufficient knowledge to understand its evidence, or was capable of judging of its truth or falsehood." P.52.

"At New Lanark, every opportunity is embraced of inculcating those practical moral principles which religion enjoins; and of storing the minds of the children with the most important and striking natural facts; but the consideration of any abstruse doctrines is, as far as the religious views of the parents will admit, reserved for an age, when the pupils shall be better fitted to judge for themselves, and to weigh, with an accuracy, which it would be folly to expect from a child, the opposing arguments that are employed to support or to attack disputed points. By this means, the real interests of truth *must necessarily be promoted;* for it is evident that an individual, whose judgment has been thus informed, must be much less likely to reject truth, or to receive error, than it is possible for the unprepared mind of an infant to be.

"It appears to us, that if an individual be sincere in his religious profession, whatever peculiar tenets he may hold, he must, on mature consideration, approve of the plan, which is now suggested as the most certain method of *disseminating his particular opinions* over the world. And simply because each individual believes his own opinions to be true, or he would not entertain them.

"If it be admitted that a very large majority of the religions of the world are false—and it is certain, that only one *can* be true—then does the admission furnish an additional argument in favour of this mode of instruction. For it is very unlikely that any false religion would endure such a test: and it is certain, that a religion founded on reason and on truth, must be essentially promoted by it to the exclusion of all others.

"We shall not enter into any arguments in support of the doctrines propounded by Calvin; nor shall we question their truth or accuracy: the discussion is irrelevant to our present purpose; but it appears to us evident to a demonstration, that if these doctrines are true, we cannot adopt a more effectual method of inducing the whole world to become Calvinists, than that now recommended. If false, the sooner they are exploded the better.

"It is a fair question, whether too little interference in so delicate a subject as that of religion, or too great latitude in religious toleration, can ever exist? That an opposite system has excited the most bitter and violent of animosities, that it has armed the neighbour against his neighbour, the father against his children, has destroyed the peace and harmony of families and of nations, has deluged the world with blood, and under the sanction of the most sacred name, countenanced atrocities, during the relation of which we seem to listen to the history, not of men, endowed with reason, but of demons, possessed with an infernal spirit of savage madness—these are facts, which every page of our history must establish. Can we be too tenacious in maintaining a principle, the practical influence of which, is to prevent *the possibility* of their recurrence?

"This is the principle that has always regulated the religious in-

struction, in the New Lanark Schools. An endeavour has been made to rescue human nature from the imputations thrown upon it by the conduct of individuals, actuated by intemperate religious zeal—a conduct, which has often seemed to justify the strongest expressions regarding human deceit and human depravity. At New Lanark these imputations find no support: in supporting the system adopted there, no cause af complaint has arisen against the natural depravity of our nature. On the contrary, experience seems completely to warrant the opinion, that our nature is a delightful compound, capable, no doubt, of being formed to deceit and to wickedness, but *inherently* imbued neither with the one nor the other—that if fear be excluded as a motive to action, a child will never become deceitful, for it will scarcely have a motive to deceive.—That if a child be taught in a rational manner, it will itself become rational, and thus, even on the most selfish principle avoid wickedness—and that our only legitimate cause for surprise is the consideration, that human nature, as it now exists, is neither so deceitful nor so wicked as the present arrangements of society would seem calculated to make it.

"We should apologise for this digression, but that we feel the importance of the subject, and the necessity that those who would improve and re-form the rising generation, should not create to themselves imaginary difficulties, where no real difficulties exist; and that we have seen how much evil may be done, when a teacher first takes it for granted, that all his pupils are all depraved and irrational beings, and then treats them as such. The very tone and manner, which such an idea produces, destroys confidence and creates distrust and dislike. When confidence is lost and dislike excited, the case becomes indeed hopeless; and the teacher, whatever be his talents, will meet with real and increasing difficulties, and daily discover fresh cause for distrust and vexation. Unjust suspicion first *creates* its object, and then glories in the penetration which *discovered* it. His pupils must consider that they have no character to lose, and are thus deprived of a great inducement to virtue. They will thwart him in all his measures, and deceive and oppose him on every occasion; because children will not act generously, unless they be treated with generosity.

"Before concluding this important subject, it may be necessary to say, that no allusion has been made in this place to a fact which has already been stated; viz. that the scriptures are and have always been statedly read, and the catech sm regularly taught there—because this has been done, not as being considered the proper method of conveying religious instruction to the minds of young children, but because the parents were believed to wish it; and any encroachment on perfect liberty of conscience, was regarded as the worst species of tyrannical assumption." P. 63.

We shall here conclude our extracts, passing over the remarks upon singing and dancing, which are subjoined to the chapter on religion. To such a religion as Mr. Owen's

they form an appropriate appendix. He is surprised that his father should have been accused of infidelity. And he writes a treatise upon the religious instruction of the young, scrupulously avoiding to mention Christianity or the Bible, but arguing against them, and rejecting them under the pretence that he is contending with Calvin. A child of seven years old, who has learned philosophy at Lanark, may not possess sufficient common sense to perceive the drift of his instructor's observations. But an unsophisticated English lad would see through the whole scheme in an instant.

The fact is, that Mr. Owen, the father, was blamed by some of our crafty infidels for avowing his disbelief of Christianity; Mr. Owen, the son, has taken the hint; and withholding an admission which did credit to the family honesty, perseveres in the nonsensical scepticism which renders it impossible to denominate them Christians. If things proceed in the same train for another generation, we shall have the grandson of the great philanthropist retaining the *no religion* he has inherited, and covering it with a Jesuit's or a fanatic's cloak.

In the mean time the book before us will do good. The nation is once more to be pestered with the speeches, solicitations, and subscriptions of those who desire to educate the poor without the assistance of the clergy. The pretence is the instruction of children between two and seven years of age. The object is to prop up the sinking cause of Joseph Lancaster; to get rid of the Prayer-book, the Creed, and the Catechism, and to make the mass of the population dissenters in their infancy.

Nobody can read the speeches and pamphlets produced upon the occasion without perceiving that this is their drift. But those who wish to see the system in its brightest colours, should consult the "Outline" of Mr. R. D. Owen. How such a man and such a scheme can be encouraged by our pious sectaries, we shall not undertake to explain. We may venture, however, to declare, that his task is not more ridiculous or more mischievous than that which is talked by greater men, and greedily swallowed by their admirers. If they have talked too loud, or swallowed too eagerly, and thereby defeated a long meditated attempt, we have to thank them for saving us the trouble of exposing their conduct, by doing it so effectually themselves.

ART. XII. *An Introductory Lecture to a Course in Comparative Anatomy, illustrative of Paley's Natural Theology. By John Kidd, M. D. Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford.* 8vo. 72 pp. 2*s.* 6*d.* Rivingtons. 1824.

OUR philosophical infidels are become more cautious and circumspect than they were a few years ago. They have learned that Christianity is not to be rejected in a moment, even at the bidding of a physiologist or a chemist. They have received an intelligible hint, that they must confine themselves to their own business. The geologist who furnishes his receipts for the formation of her worlds, the phrenologists who babble about the development of our organs, and the anatomist who demonstrates the non existence of spirit, have consented, for obvious reasons, to keep their opinions to themselves; and Professor Kidd judiciously avails himself of this time of peace, to promulgate and strengthen very different notions. At the recommendation of several distinguished members of his University, he professes to illustrate Paley's Natural Theology by "a Course of Comparative Anatomy," and determines to publish the excellent Lecture by which that Course was introduced to his pupils. We sincerely rejoice at his conduct; and with the hope of making his observations more extensively known, we extract, without much selection, from his pamphlet.

"As every subject is probably viewed by each individual in some peculiar light, in a light, that is, modified by his habitual train of reflection, I would beg permission, in the commencement of these Lectures, to make a few observations on the application and value of the argument employed by Paley in the work above mentioned.

"Being fully persuaded then that the supposition of pure intellectual atheism involves an intellectual absurdity; in other words, that the pure or unmixed application of the intellectual powers, supposing them to be in any degree sufficient for the process of reasoning, can never lead to a conclusion involving the disbelief of a Creator; being fully persuaded of this point, I feel that so far it is unnecessary to hold any argument on the subject; and that Paley, without making any appeal to the understanding of a supposed atheist, might have simply held up to view the manifestation of the power and wisdom of God, evidenced in the works of creation, as a subject worthy both of philosophical and religious contemplation. But atheism apparently exists and has existed in all ages of the world; and is from time to time either openly professed or insidiously recommended by those, whose intellectual powers, however distorted or diseased, give general proof of original strength and soundness. Nor is it difficult, whether to those who admit the

original depravity of our nature, or to those who have simply by observation penetrated the recesses of the human heart, to discover the existence of motives that would lead either to the profession of atheism, or to a wish that the doctrine were true. For, without entering more minutely into a question, the discussion of which belongs rather to others, it is evident from antecedent reasoning, that a profligate man, whose life is systematically at variance with what are generally acknowledged as the moral laws of God, would first wish to escape the punishment consequent on the infringement of those laws; and would thus be led to hope, that the author of those laws had no existence but in the opinion of mankind. And such a wish is probably implied in that passage of the Bible; 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God:' for since in the language habitual to Scripture wickedness and folly are convertible terms, and as what we are affirmed to say in our heart may naturally be understood as expressing the object of our affections, rather than the conviction of our understandings; hence those words may be interpreted as implying the hope, rather than the belief of the fool, or wicked man. On the other hand, the outward profession of atheism may be traced to many sources. Those men, for instance, who live a depraved life may choose to profess a disbelief in God, in order to obviate the accusation of inconsistency in living directly in opposition to his laws: or intellectual pride, that absurd yet baneful error of our nature, may lead some to the profession of a doctrine, on the discussion of which more humble, and therefore to them more contemptible minds may fear to enter. Some, again, may gratify their vanity by the invention or application of specious arguments, for the purpose of influencing others, less wicked perhaps, but still weaker than themselves; while these their disciples may on their part be gratified by supposing, that they see the solidity of the arguments of a favourite leader: for that such reciprocal feeling may take place between opposite characters is manifested on various occasions.

'Doubtless the pleasure is as great
'Of being cheated, as to cheat.'

"To us perhaps the evil of atheistical doctrines is rather an object of wonder than of fear: for during a long period in which the cause of irreligion has been both openly and insidiously advocated, by writers neither unlearned nor unpopular, the infection happily has reached a very few of the thousands who have been educated in this University.

"Of any fear to be entertained from the writings of Lucretius, I could never myself see any rational ground. But as I have known that fear expressed by one whose opinion ought not to be treated with indifference on any subject connected with intellectual education, I will take this opportunity of shewing (in one instance for the present) how easily the reasonings of the Epicurean philosophy, if they deserve the name of reasoning, may be combated on this point.

"There is not perhaps in the whole poem of Lucretius a more beautifully poetical passage than that, in which the helplessness of human infancy is contrasted with the early development of the powers of brutes: and certainly I could not select one more fitted for the present occasion, because it will give me an opportunity of introducing, and also of amplifying, one of Paley's most favourite instances of contrivance in the structure of the human body.

"The passage to which I allude is in the 5th book, line 223.

"Tum porro Puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi jacet, infans, indigus omni
Vitali auxilio, cum primum in luminis oras
Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit:
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,
Cui tantum in vita restet transire malorum.
At variæ crescunt pecudes, armenta, feræque,
Nec crepitacula eis opus sunt, nec cuiquam adhibenda est
Almæ nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela;
Nec varias quærunt vestéis pro tempore cœli.
Denique non armis opus est, non mœnibus altis,
Quîs sua tutentur, quando omnibus omnia large
Tellus ipsa parit, naturaque dædala rerum.

"The helplessness above described arises in a great measure from the imperfect state of that bony column called the spine, on which the body principally depends for the due exercise of its powers.

"I will first therefore shew, how admirably this column is calculated for the intended purpose in the adult state; and, in afterwards examining the state of the same column in the infant, we shall observe, that in the midst of the most decided marks of weakness and imperfection, there is an extraordinary instance of strength and perfect growth in precisely that part of the column, which could not have been left in an incomplete state without manifest, immediate, and constant danger to the individual. And in reasoning on the subject, we soon perceive how that very helplessness and imperfect state of the physical powers in infancy, so ill understood and appreciated by the Epicurean, contribute to the fuller developement of the moral character, not only of the individual, but of his parents also, and of all his immediate connections. The mutual affection, for instance, that takes place and is cemented between the infant and its mother during the lengthened period in which the latter nurses her offspring—the stimulus which is given to the exertions of the other parent in supplying the increasing wants of those who depend on him for support—and the general feeling and expression of good-will and attachment which binds together the numerous individuals of the same family—all coincide to increase the sum of human happiness and virtue. Whereas, let the Epicurean infant be born with all his powers complete, and let him exert those powers as soon as born, independently of the assistance of parent, or sister, or brother; and

what would then remain of those endearing relations but the empty name?

"In considering the office of the adult spine, we find the following qualities requisite:—great strength combined with great flexibility, together with a general convenience of form for the attachment and secure lodgment of many important organs. Let us then examine how these qualities are attained; and first with respect to strength.

"To this end its pyramidal form is obviously conducive, and the arrangement of the solid matter of which it is composed is such as to contribute to the same effect: for that solid matter, instead of being collected into one compact mass, is diffused in such a manner as to resemble the structure of sponge; and it is well known with reference to the strength of artificial columns, that the same quantity of matter being given for each, those columns which are hollow are stronger than those which are solid.

"Again, the whole column is made up of numerous parts, called vertibræ, which are so bound together by strong and elastic bands or ligaments, as to lessen the chance of its being broken in the act of bending; and these vertebræ being applied to each other throughout by broad horizontal surfaces, are thus best calculated to support the perpendicular pressure of the superincumbent parts.

"The effect of general strength is further accomplished by the mutual locking in of the projecting portions or *processes* of the several vertebræ; and the same effect is accomplished to an additional extent among those vertebræ which belong to the thorax or chest, by the mode of articulation between the vertebræ and the ribs; each rib being united, not entirely to the side of its corresponding vertebra, but partially to the upper and lower side of two contiguous vertebræ.

"The flexibility of the spine is secured to the utmost requisite extent by the number of articulations or joints which it possesses, and which amount to more than twenty, as well as by the elasticity of the substance constituting those joints: and the projecting parts or processes of the several vertebræ which serve for the insertion of the muscles and tendons which are to move the whole, are differently disposed in the neck, the back, and the loins, so as to be accommodated to the degree and kind of motion in each: thus the vertebræ of the neck admit of a lateral motion to a greater extent than those of the back; and the vertebræ of the back admit of flexion and extension to a greater degree than those of the neck; while the vertebræ of the loins, being intended for support rather than flexibility, have their processes so distributed, as to contribute principally to the former of those effects." P. 3.

"Thus far we have seen the conditions of the adult spine, calculated as they are most admirably for flexibility, strength, and security: let us now examine it in the age of early infancy, and we shall see, that at that period, when the conditions of strength and flexibility are not required, inasmuch as the individual is con-

stantly supported in the nurse's arm, the parts in which those conditions are observable are not yet formed, or not completed; while those parts which are essential to the security of the life of the individual are as in as perfect a state as at the age of manhood. In other words, the bodies and processes of the several vertebræ on which the strength and flexibility of the spine depend, are in early infancy still in a soft or cartilaginous state; while the annular portions which constitute the spinal canal are completely ossified, so as to give as great a degree of security to the spinal marrow as at the age of manhood.

"The value then of Paley's argument is important, both as tending to counteract the influence of those who would inculcate atheistical opinions, and in assisting those whose reasoning powers may be insufficient to detect the fallacies by which such opinions are supported; or whose information may be too limited to enable them fairly to appreciate either the real character or the true bearings of the facts on which such opinions are grounded." P. 12.

The remarks upon the brain, a part of the animal structure which is treated with more attention now than it ever was before, are not only interesting at the present moment, but highly important and curious in themselves.

"It is of importance to observe, with reference to those physiologists who maintain, that the material condition of the brain is necessary to or actually confers the power of thinking, that the evidence of the exertion of that power is as strong, nay even stronger, in some animals that have no brain, as in those whose brains are developed in a very high degree; I had almost said, as strong as in ourselves: and, if we look to the habits of many of the insect tribe, (the bee may be taken as *instar omnium*,) I should probably be justified in the assertion." P. 42.

"On the supposition that the brain is the organ of the intellectual powers, physiologists have been led to compare the proportions of the whole and of various parts of this organ in man and brutes. It has been supposed by some, that the intellectual faculties may be in proportion to the absolute size of the brain; such an opinion being grounded on the fact, that the human brain is larger than that of the horse or ox. But, on the other hand, the brain of the whale and of the elephant is larger than that of man; though the intelligence even of the elephant bears no proportion to that of the human mind. Again, the brain of the monkey and of the dog is smaller than that of the ox or the ass; yet the former come much nearer to man with respect to their intellectual faculties. Neither do the dispositions or qualities of animals appear to be connected with the absolute size or their brain; for animals most different and even opposite in disposition may be ranged in the same class in respect to the size of their brain. For instance, the tiger and the deer; and, among birds, the hawk and the pigeon.

It would appear at first sight, that the comparison of the size of

the brain with the size of the body would give a more uniform result. Thus, a crocodile 12 feet in length, a serpent 18 feet in length, and a turtle that weighs from 300 to 500lbs. have each of them scarcely a sufficient quantity of substance in their brain to weigh one drachm; and the slight degree of intellectual power manifested by these animals corresponds with these proportions. But it will presently be shewn, that the proportional size of the brain is not a more certain criterion than the absolute size.

Cuvier considers the brain in the human subject as equalling from about $\frac{1}{25}$ to $\frac{1}{35}$ of the bulk of the whole body. Dr. Gall, thinks it equal from $\frac{1}{40}$ to $\frac{1}{60}$ of the bulk of the whole body. If we take the mean of those numbers, it will be about $\frac{1}{40}$.

It is unnecessary to point out the value of these observations. They are worthy of the Chair from which they were delivered; and cannot fail to promote the good intentions of their author.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENT.

OUR attention has been directed to a letter addressed to Lord Kenyon in answer to our review of Bishop Chase's Appeal. We regret that the writer has put himself into such a furious passion. As soon as he recovers his temper we shall be ready to consider what he has to say. As long as he prefers railing to reason, he may rail on.